★ April 14, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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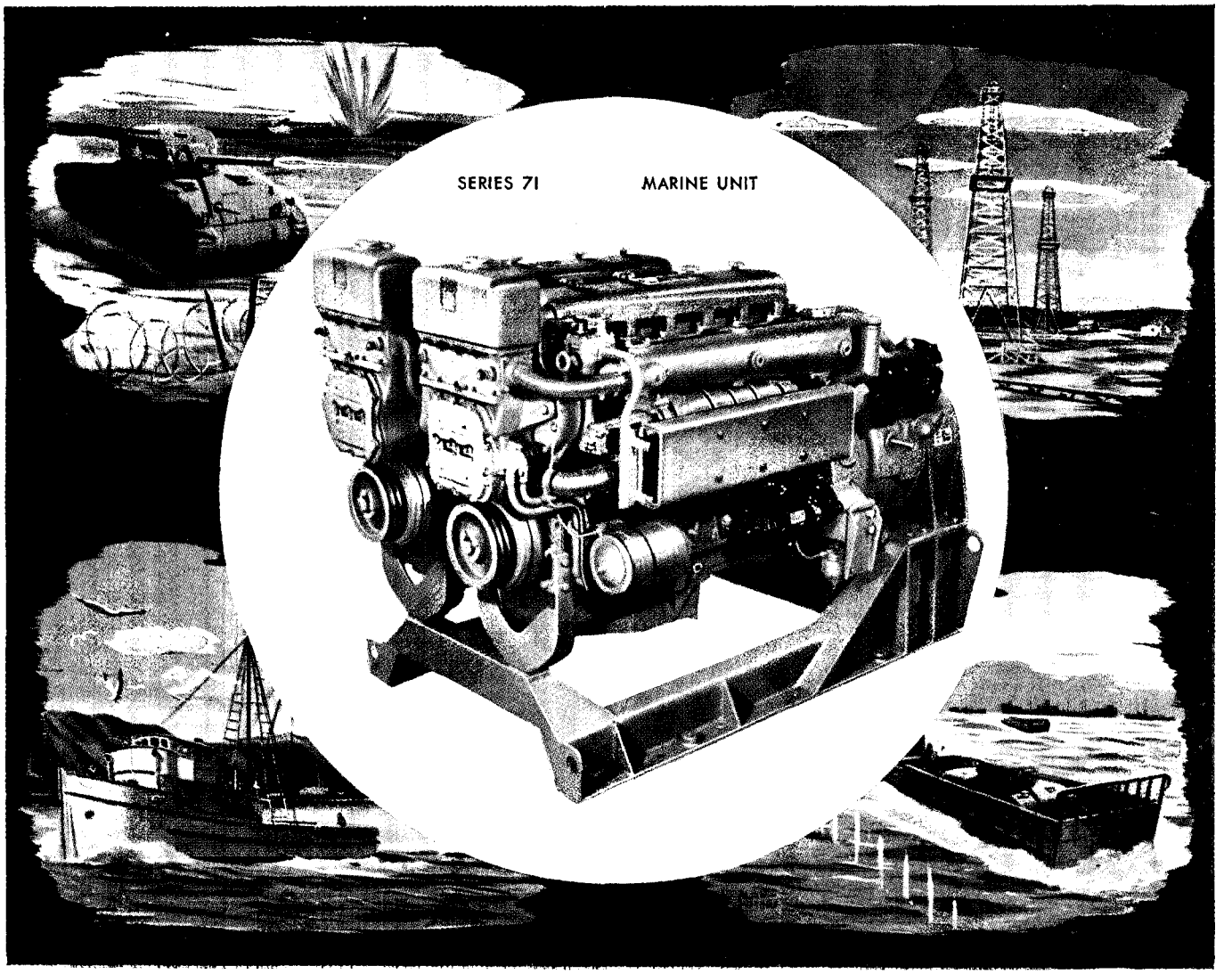

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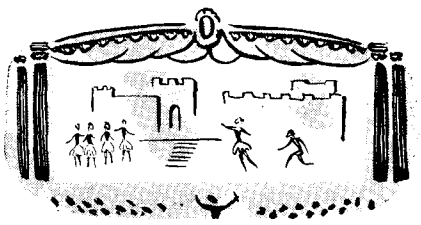
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in *Harlem and is certainly something for you to see*. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—In spite of a brilliant comedy characterization by Jean Dixon and expert help from people like Catherine Willard and Neil Hamilton, George Kelly's new play about a domineering woman is likely to disappoint many of his old admirers. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 15, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4036. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 15, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Margaret Webster has cut and rearranged this poetic fantasy, but it still remains one of Shakespeare's more exhausting plays. With Vera Zorina as Ariel, Canada Lee as Caliban, and Arnold Moss as Prospero. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Star-Spangled Family—Edward Nugent, Frances Reid, and Jean Adair in a play by B. Harrison Orkow. Directed by William Castle and produced by Philip A. Waxman and Joseph Kipness. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Firebrand of Florence—For some mysterious reason, Edwin Justus Mayer's fine and funny comedy-melodrama has been turned into a rather dull operetta. Kurt Weill wrote the music and Ira Gershwin took care of the lyrics. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Carousel—A musical play based on Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." With music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, dances by Agnes de Mille, and a cast headed by John Raitt and Jan Clayton. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Thurs., April 19. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 3.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Peter

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rabbit": Sat., April 14 and 21, at 10 A.M. and 12 noon. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"Princess Aurora," "Undertow," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., April 12. . . . "Giselle," excerpts from "Capriccio Espagnol," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., April 13. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Bolero," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., April 14. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Café de Chinitas," "Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., April 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Harvest Time," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., April 15. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," "Pictures of Goya," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sun. Eve., April 15. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Café de Chinitas," "Lilac Garden," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., April 16. . . . "Gala Performance," "Undertow," "Judgment of Paris," and "Pillar of Fire," Tues. Eve., April 17. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Undertow," "Fancy Free," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Wed. Eve., April 18. . . . "Giselle," "Bolero," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., April 19. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," excerpts from "Capriccio Espagnol," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., April 20. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 21. . . . "Petrouchka," "Undertow," dances from "Carmen," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., April 21. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. at 2:30.)

Dance Program—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, with Asadata Dafora, La Meri, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and others. Tues., April 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. The recent confusion about the curfews has ended and bedtime is once again almost universally midnight. . . . A few establishments are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras play soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music by Evelyn Knight (through Wed., April 18), the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming. Music by Edmund Hall's orchestra through Sun., April 15, then by Phil Moore's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and Imogene Coca arrive here on Tues., April 17, along with Edmund Hall's orchestra. Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, who are here now, will stay on. Phil Moore's band departs on Sun., April 15.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the incidental music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor, sound effects, and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dick and Gene Wesson, who seem to impersonate most anyone, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul and Grace Hartman, who maliciously reduce ballroom dancing to its simple, and simple-minded, elements. Pancho's orchestra for background. . . . Mark Monte's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Interesting mainly for the singing of Thelma Carpenter and Day, Dawn, and Dusk, the music of Cedric Wallace's trio, and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room displays the music of Fred Miller's orchestra and the footwork of Gomez and Beatrice. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Dorothy Shay to sing entertainingly for you, and some subdued dance music. Subdued, in fact, is the word for both places.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing daily and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—John Sebastian and his accomplished harmonica and Carol Bruce and her songs are in the Wedgwood Room. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays mordant dance music. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, singing one of those standard repertoires, and a collection of delectable showgirls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4640): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **Spivy's**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness. . . . **Zanzibar**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): beginning Tues., April 17, Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco, who should make a trip to Broadway worth the nuisance. . . . **400 Club**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Duke Ellington's orchestra bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's band starts here on Fri., April 20; the Copa Bar has the Milt Herth trio and a dance band. . . . **Commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **Madison**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets

scorching the evening air. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo piano; dancing. . . . **Downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, which is all anyone needs to know; dancing. . . . **Hickory House**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp in their very best mood. . . . **Onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and Stuff Smith collaborating in a new band. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his trio; dancing.

ART

American Abstract Artists—The ninth annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., April 15.

Leo Amino—Mobiles and magnesite sculpture: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Herbert Barnett—Landscapes and figures, halfway between Impressionism and post-Impressionism: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 25.

Richmond Barthé—Sculpture: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Louis Bosa—Recent paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28.

British—At the **Buchholz**, 32 E. 57: paintings done during the past year. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14. . . . **National Arts Club**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: Sutherland, Nash, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

C. Ludwig Brummé and Blanche Dombek—Sculpture; also, abstract paintings by Ariadna Liebau: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

Stephen Csoka—Country and seashore landscapes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

Degas and Renoir—Nudes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5.

Joseph De Martini—New paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

European—At the **Rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5. . . . **Niveau**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo and Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

Hans Hofmann—Abstract paintings: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

Walter Isaacs—Portraits, landscapes, and still lifes in a post-Impressionist manner: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Paul Klee—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

Karl Knaths—Recent abstractions: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—New paintings and drawings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

Léger—Recent paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5.

Margaret Lowengrund—Expressionist oils and gouaches: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

Henry Mattson and Benton Spruance—Paintings and lithographs: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

Edward Melcarth—Paintings and drawings, very baroque in manner: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Claude Monet—A large exhibition of his work; a benefit for the children of Giverny, where Monet lived: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 12.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., April 17.

Jackson Pollack—Paintings, drawings, and gouaches:

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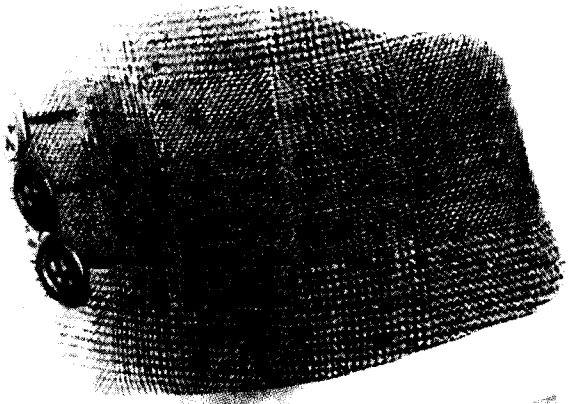

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

PORTRAITS—At the **BRANDT**, 15 E. 57: varied, and uneven, work by thirty-six living artists, among whom are Berman, Tanning, and many less-known painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: the annual show of the National Association of Portrait Painters. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 6.

MAN RAY—Drawings, paintings, and photographs: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28.

SIBLEY SMITH—A first one-man exhibition of water colors: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

WHISTLER—Etchings, drypoints, lithographs: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Final programs of the season—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., April 12, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 13, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., April 15, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Sat., April 14, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M.

RUSSIAN CONCERT—A symphony orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein; the Russian Choral Society; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; and others, in a program of Soviet music, for the benefit of Russian war orphans. Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Lionel Hampton and his orchestra; soloists: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Herbie Fields, alto saxophone; and others. Sun., April 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SCHOLA CANTORUM OF NEW YORK—With the choir of the Midshipmen's School; Ellabelle Davis, soprano; and eighty members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony; a benefit for Armed Forces Master Records. Mon., April 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA COMPANY—"Der Fliegende Holländer," Thurs. Eve., April 12. . . . "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., April 13. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., April 14. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sun. Aft., April 15. . . . "Manon Lescaut," Sun. Eve., April 15. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Tues. Eve., April 17. . . . "Faust," Wed. Eve., April 18. . . . "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., April 19. . . . "Manon Lescaut." Fri. Eve., April 20. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Aft., April 21. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Sat. Eve., April 21. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

SALMAGGI OPERA COMPANY—"Otello," Sat., April 14; "La Tosca," Sat., April 21; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano. Sat., April 14, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

NATIONAL NEGRO OPERA CHORUS—Conducted by Mary C. Dawson. Sun., April 15, at 2:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

GUILET STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. Tues., April 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44, LA 4-1000, Ext. 302.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Bach's "St. John Passion," conducted by Arthur Mendel. Wed., April 18, at 8:30 P.M. (All Souls Church, Lexington at 80. For tickets, call RI 9-1465.)

NEW CHORAL GROUP—Conducted by Charles M. Hobbs; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation. Wed., April 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Felix Salmond, cello; and Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Wed., April 18, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

AUBREY PANKEY—Baritone. Thurs., April 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—Conducted by George Mead. Fri., April 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH CHORUS—Conducted by Frederic Joslyn. Sat., April 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Dodgers (an exhibition game for the benefit of the Red Cross). Thurs., April 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., April 17-19, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers. Fri. and Sat., April 20-21, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition games), Fri. through Sun., April 13-15, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., April 17-19, at 2:30 P.M.

FENCING—Non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship: women's foil, individual, Fri., April 13; foil, individual, Fri., April 20; at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

RED CROSS BENEFIT—Sports celebrities, including Babe Ruth, Lou Little, and Earl Sande, as well as stage and screen entertainers, in a three-hour show. Wed., April 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104, Ext. 71.)

TENNIS—Welby Van Horn, John Nogrady, and others in an exhibition match for the benefit of the Vacation Camp and Dormitory for the Blind. Sun., April 15, at 8 P.M. (Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, Lexington at 26. For tickets, call PL 3-6800.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

CIRCUS—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in a collection of posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

BENEFIT—The annual Tip Top Ball, for Stony Wold Sanatorium: Ambassador, Fri., April 13, at 8:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-7854.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

COSTUMES—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Japanese prints collected by the late Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Garland: Thurs., April 12, at 2 P.M. . . . Modern and other French paintings, including examples by Vlaminck, Cézanne, Matisse, and Renoir, owned by J. K. Thannhauser: Thurs., April 12, at 8 P.M. . . . French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art owned by the late Virginia M. Rosenthal: Fri. and Sat., April 13-14, at 2 P.M. . . . Autograph letters, manuscripts, and rare books, collected by the late John Gribbel: Mon., April 16, at 8:15 P.M., and Tues., April 17, at 2 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Barbizon paintings and works by Millet, Bonheur, Corot, and others, collected by the late William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt: Wed. and Thurs., April 18-19, at 8 P.M. **KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbel Brothers—Eighteenth-century French and English furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Jules S. Bache: Thurs., April 19, at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., April 20-21, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish, Thomas Connally, and Warren R. Austin in the eighth of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., April 14, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 15, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 14 and 21, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 14 and 21, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., April 15, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 14 and 21, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . An orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat., April 14 and 21, at 4 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "La Bohème," Sat., April 14, at 8:25 P.M.; "Faust," Wed., April 18, at 8:15 P.M.; and "Der Fliegende Holländer," Sat., April 21, at 8:25 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Ballet Theatre, Antal Dorati conducting, Thurs., April 12, and Tues., April 17, at 8:40 P.M.; and Sun., April 15, at 8:30 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., April 14 and 21, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., April 15, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Fritz Kreisler, violin, Mon., April 16, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel (from Europe), Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Pretty much as funny as ever. Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, plus the most important members of the original cast. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., April 17-19.)

COLONEL BLIMP—Roger Livesey in a very effective biography of a professional British soldier. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis' interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband, with considerable ingenuity. The cast is headed by Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., April 13-19.)

THE FIGHTING LADY—A very fine documentary, dealing with an aircraft carrier and the bombing of Japan's ships and her fortified islands. In Technicolor. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., April 12. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 14. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., April 13-16. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Tues., April 13-17. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., April 17-19.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 14. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., April 15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 15-17.)

MURDER, MY SWEET—Excellent screen version of Raymond Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot,

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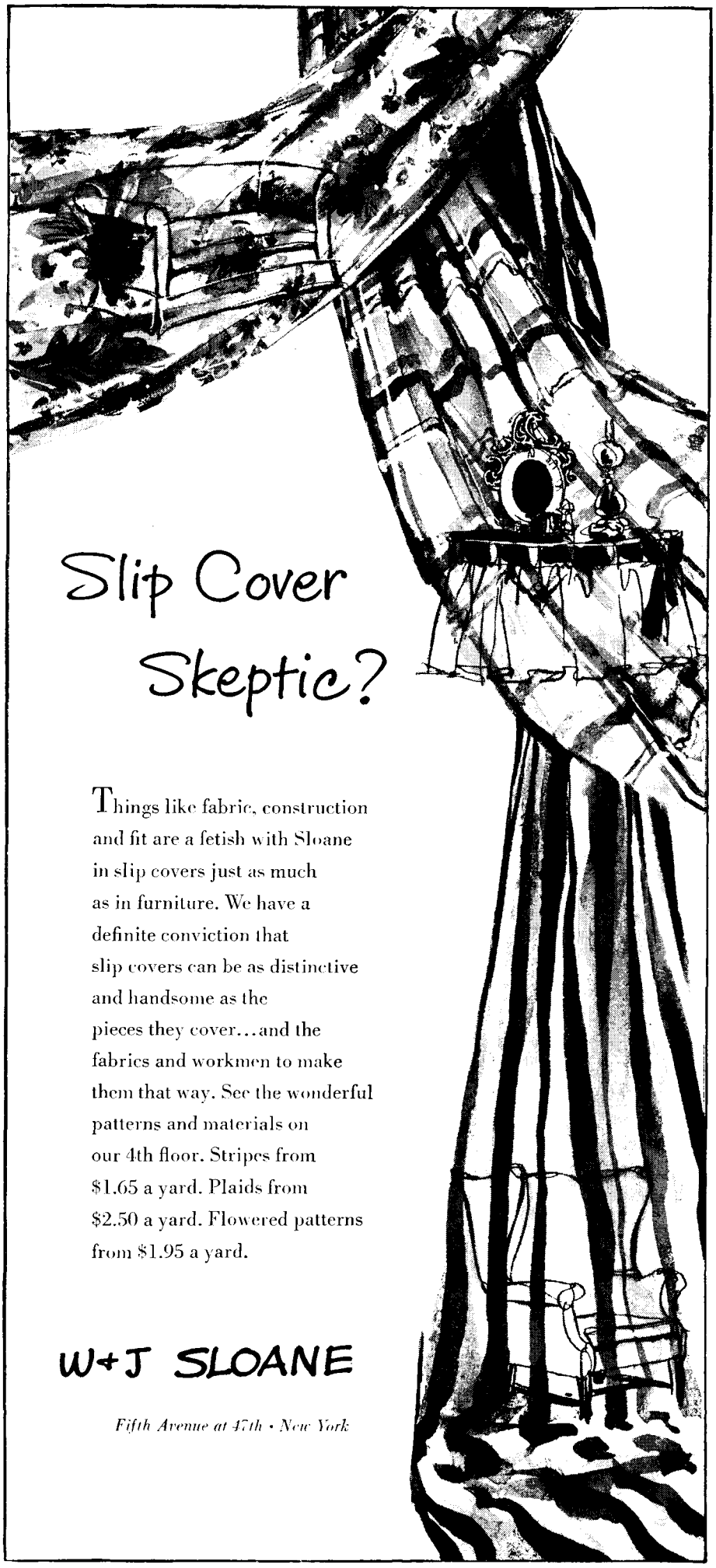

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 13.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., April 14.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., April 18.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., April 15-16.... Plaza, 58. E. of Madison; Mon. through Thurs., April 16-19.)

National Velvet—Preposterous but charming story about how a twelve-year-old girl wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., April 16-18.)

The Silver Fleet—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., April 13.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in particular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly likely to surprise anyone. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., April 12.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., April 15.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies (1914)—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," and "Caught in a Cabaret." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., April 17.)

The First Film Concert (1939)—Alfred Cortot, Alexander Brailowsky, Gregor Piatigorsky, and others. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., April 17.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 12.)

Gentleman Jim (1942)—Errol Flynn as James J. Corbett. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., April 13.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 12.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., April 14.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., April 17-18.... Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., April 18.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 13.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., April 12.... Beverly 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., April 14-16.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 15-16.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Wed., April 16-18.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 17-19.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., April 17-18.... Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., April 18.)

Topper (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 17-18.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., April 16.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., April 13-16.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., APRIL 12** (at 4 P.M. only): "Warning Shadows" (1922) and "The Street" (1923), German films. **FRI. THROUGH SUN., APRIL 13-15:** "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923), directed by Germaine Dulac; "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; and "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dmitri Kirsanov.... **MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 16-19:** "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Kea-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton. . . . FROM FRI., APRIL 20: "The Doctor's Secret" (1908); "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "His Bitter Pill" (1916); and "The Freshman" (1925).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; men and women to do various chores in connection with the drive to collect pocket-size books for service men. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens; men to work in hospitals one or two days or evenings a week at various necessary jobs. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 225 W. 34 (PE 6-1700).

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during April, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Contributions can be taken to schools, churches, synagogues, libraries, and C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. offices. For the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . The A.W.V.S. is now conducting a drive to collect pocket-size books for service men. For the location of the nearest collection depot, call RE 4-6050, Ext. 33.

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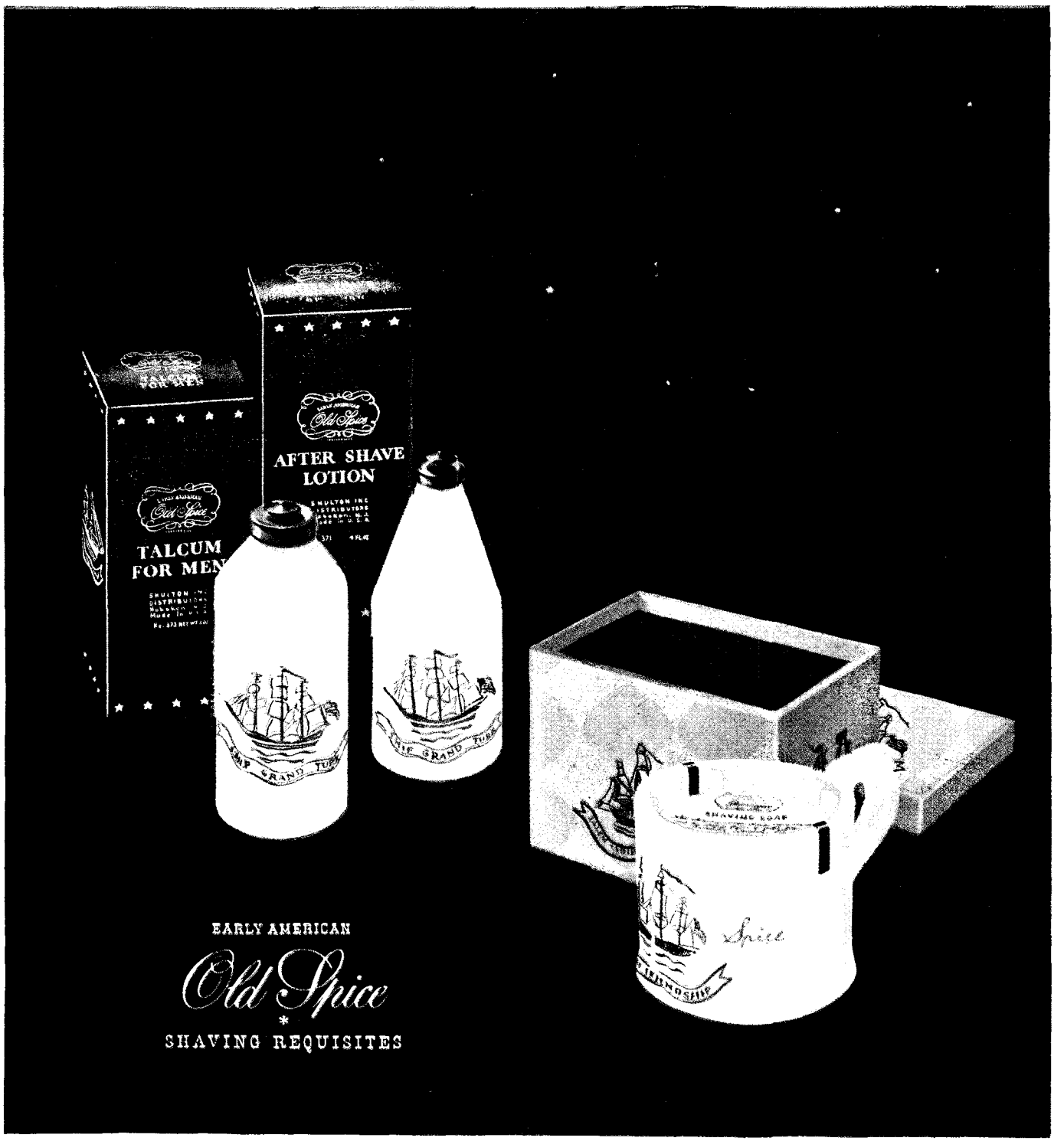

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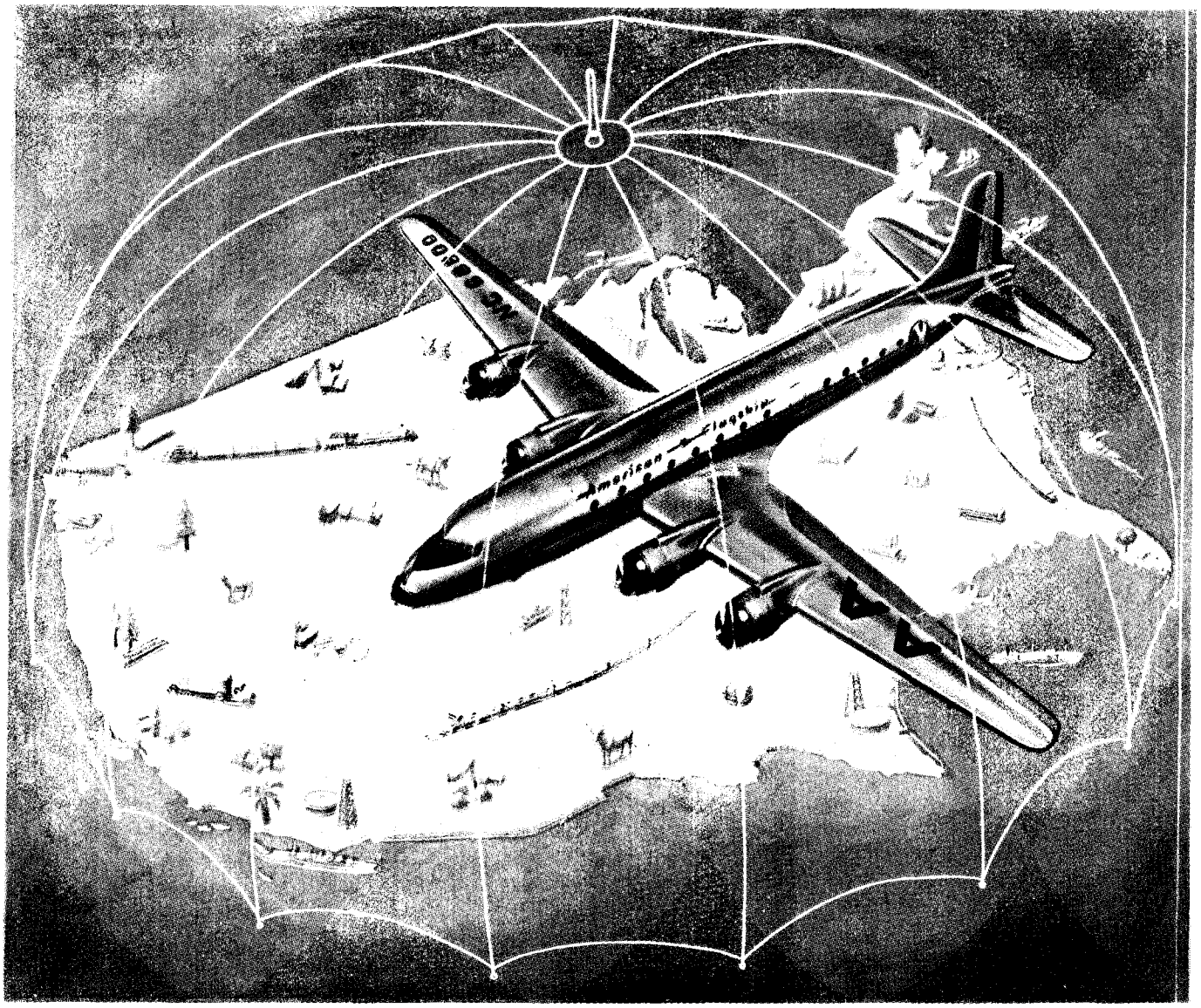

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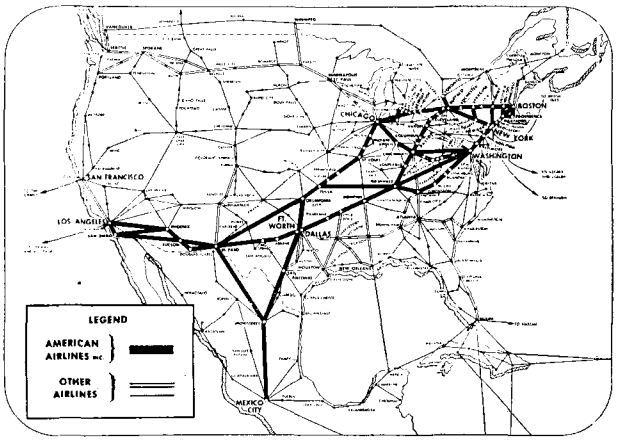

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

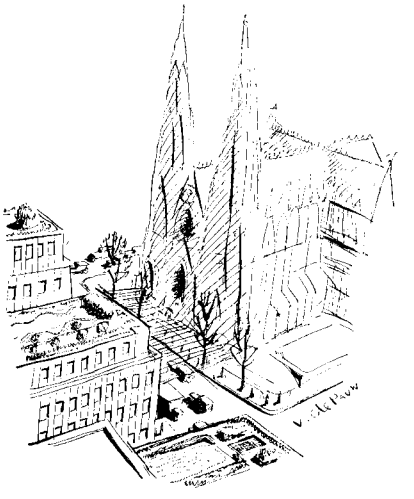
MAMMON-IS-RISEN NOTE: In the window of the Rockefeller Plaza branch of the Manhattan Savings Bank, during Easter week, was a large poster of a cherubic choir boy in a surplice, holding a hymnal and singing. Beside him was the legend "Dedicate Yourself Anew to a Sincere Program of Financial Advancement."

AS we write this, Russia has just "denounced" her neutrality pact with Japan. Finishing up a pact of neutrality is like finishing up a pack of cigarettes: you crumple it in your hand, smile, and announce that it has "lost its meaning."

YOU don't have to be an oceanographer to discern strong currents which may deflect the San Francisco conference into new channels. Senator Vandenberg has proposed certain amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks plan, with the intention of injecting two new ingredients—the idea of fluidity and the concept of justice. Neither fluidity nor justice got into our own Constitution by accident, and of course once you begin injecting justice into a political framework you find yourself casting around for a body of law to hang the justice on. Commander Stassen, whose hopes for a world order include basic law, is said to have up his sleeve a suggestion for a constitutional convention to be held at some later date. And the legislatures of thirteen states have passed resolutions approving the principle of federation in world government. These things are disturbing and puzzling to the leaders who are facing the tough, practical details of bringing the nations together and who, being on the inside, know better than the people the consequences of straying from the prearrangements of Dumbarton Oaks. The peace is now in that perilous stage when the very discussion of the theme endangers the friendly relationships the theme is designed to perpetuate.

THE people's need for world government was apparent in the statement Mr. Dulles made about the voting strength in the League assembly. "Actually," said he, "the votes are not significant from the standpoint of numbers. The more important thing is the prestige of the voter." This remark, without Mr. Dulles's intending it to, clarified the rickety anatomy of leagues. A ballot box in which each vote varies with the prestige of the fellow who casts it would be a pleasant prop in comic opera; in world affairs it is less amusing. Mr. Dulles went on to say that the purpose of the conference is to assure "an environment of association which will make it easier hereafter to settle controversial matters." We would like to amend this to read, "an environment of association which will lead, eventually, to world government by consent of the governed and to votes that have nothing to do with the prestige of the voter."

ONE thing we can be glad of is that the conference is to be held in this country. The United States is regarded by people everywhere as a dream come true, a sort of world state in miniature. Here dwell the world's emigrants under one law, and the law is: *Thou shalt not push thy neighbor around*. By some curious divinity which in him lies, Man, in this experiment of mixed races and mixed creeds, has turned out more good than bad, more right than wrong, more kind than cruel, and more sinned against than sinning. This is the world's hope and its chance. The Senator is right—when you have fluidity and justice, the people get on all right.



HAVING grown accustomed to thinking of Sinatra as The Voice, McDonald as The Body, Durocher as The Lip, and Bacall as The Look, we have come to think of Henry Wallace as The Tendency. It is as such, at any rate, that he has been dramatized for us by rabid conservatives. According to them, what he stands for is dangerous. And it is as such that he has been deified by liberals. According to them, what he stands for is inevitable. From reading both sides of the press, one sees Wallace looming even more sharply than Roosevelt in the double rôle of hero and menace. When his appointment was confirmed, we found ourself waiting to see whether he would lead with the left or the right. We figured The Tendency might launch his new career with some key act befitting the stormy petrel of active liberalism—a speech, say, calling for the abolition of the N.A.M. or for stricter control of something. His first official act, however, was to go into a huddle with the Business Advisory Council. His deportment at his first press conference was beyond reproach; he confessed that he had spent a good deal of his life associating with businessmen. Of course, it's early yet—too early—to tell where The Tendency will take us in the postwar economy. But we have a feeling that private enterprise (oh, all

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"Look at it this way—if you were a delegate, which one would you buy?"

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right, *semi*-private enterprise) is safe for another four years.

Hot and Bothered

OF the many confused strangers we have met in town during the last few months, our favorite showed up last week. This one was a sturdy, middle-aged lady, dusty with travel and laden with handbags, who plunged into the New Weston Bar, looked around in horror, sniffed at the assembled drinkers, and declared, "This lobby is a disgrace to decent people." She flounced out in fury before anyone could explain that the entrance to the New Weston Hotel was next door.

Russo-Japanese War

THIS is about the Russo-Japanese War that lasted from February 8, 1904, to August 23, 1905. American sentiment was pretty solidly on the side of the Japs. "They have the kind of fighting stock I like," President Teddy Roosevelt sturdily said. O. Henry wrote a funny piece about how everybody around town said, whenever the Japanese were mentioned, "What a wonderful little people they are, to be sure!" And it was T. R., our more mature readers may remember, who finally sponsored the peace negotiations, which were held at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The war came to an end because Japan had no more reserve troops and Russia had no more Navy; furthermore, Germany was threatening France, Russia's ally, and the whole balance of power, if you could call it that, was threatening to topple. The Japs came out more or less top dog; the Russians ceded most of their rights in Manchuria, Korea, and Sakhalin Island. The Russians paid no reparations, however. This was generally thought to be a tough bargain for the Japs and some of them were said to have cried at the conference. Later on, Japan dried her tears and annexed Korea, as T. R. thought she should have done all along.

The Russo-Japanese War brought out the modern war correspondent, to say nothing of a stream of war-correspondent books. Neutral correspondents, of course, could be accredited to both armies, and the American newspaper reader got both sides of the story. One A.P. man set the home office back on its heels by buying a yacht to cover the siege of Port Arthur (that was where the fiercest fighting went on; the Japs had the Russian fleet bottled up). The correspondent wanted a yacht not so much for the sake of a good view but to sail to a neutral port to file his stuff without tangling with censorship. The Russians set up huge batteries of searchlights for night battles. Once they fooled the Japs by switching off the lights and, when the Jap soldiers sneaked up to investigate, turning them on and firing pointblank. The correspondents reported at the time that when things got hot around Port Arthur more ammunition was expended in six hours than during the whole three days of the battle of Gettysburg. They also exclaimed on the cleanliness of the Japanese soldiers, who insisted on ritualistic bathing at the slightest opportunity. This finally created a refugee problem—the Chinese, on whose grounds the war was being fought, insisted on moving their wives and daughters inland, away from battalions of naked Japs on the roadsides. Otherwise the Chinese did not complain much; both sides abstained from pillaging and paid good prices for provisions.

The big reason Russia was in the war was an outfit called the Yalu Timber Company, which was promoted by some Russian admirals who had timber concessions in Korea. Grand dukes, court favorites, and even the Czar were investors. Though Russia had about a million men under arms, only about a hundred thousand of them were in Asia when the war broke out (it began Pearl Harbor fashion, incidentally,

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when Vice Admiral Togo did considerable damage to the Russian fleet before a declaration of hostilities) and new troops could be brought in only at the rate of thirty or forty thousand a month, over a single-track railway line. The trip from St. Petersburg to Mukden took nineteen days. Even as early as that war, the Japs were going in for banzai charges. The correspondents used to write home about how the Japs spent their spare time making little coffins out of cigar boxes, for their ashes to be sent home in. The Japs finally won the battle of Port Arthur by landing howitzers up the coast, dragging them overland to the harbor, and firing on the bottled-up Russian fleet; the Russians lost more ships to land artillery there than in naval action. It was a modest war—four hundred and twenty-five thousand dead and wounded Russians, a hundred thousand Jap casualties. Japan spent a billion, Russia a billion and a half. Both sides soon thereafter floated extensive foreign loans and got back on their feet.

Latitude

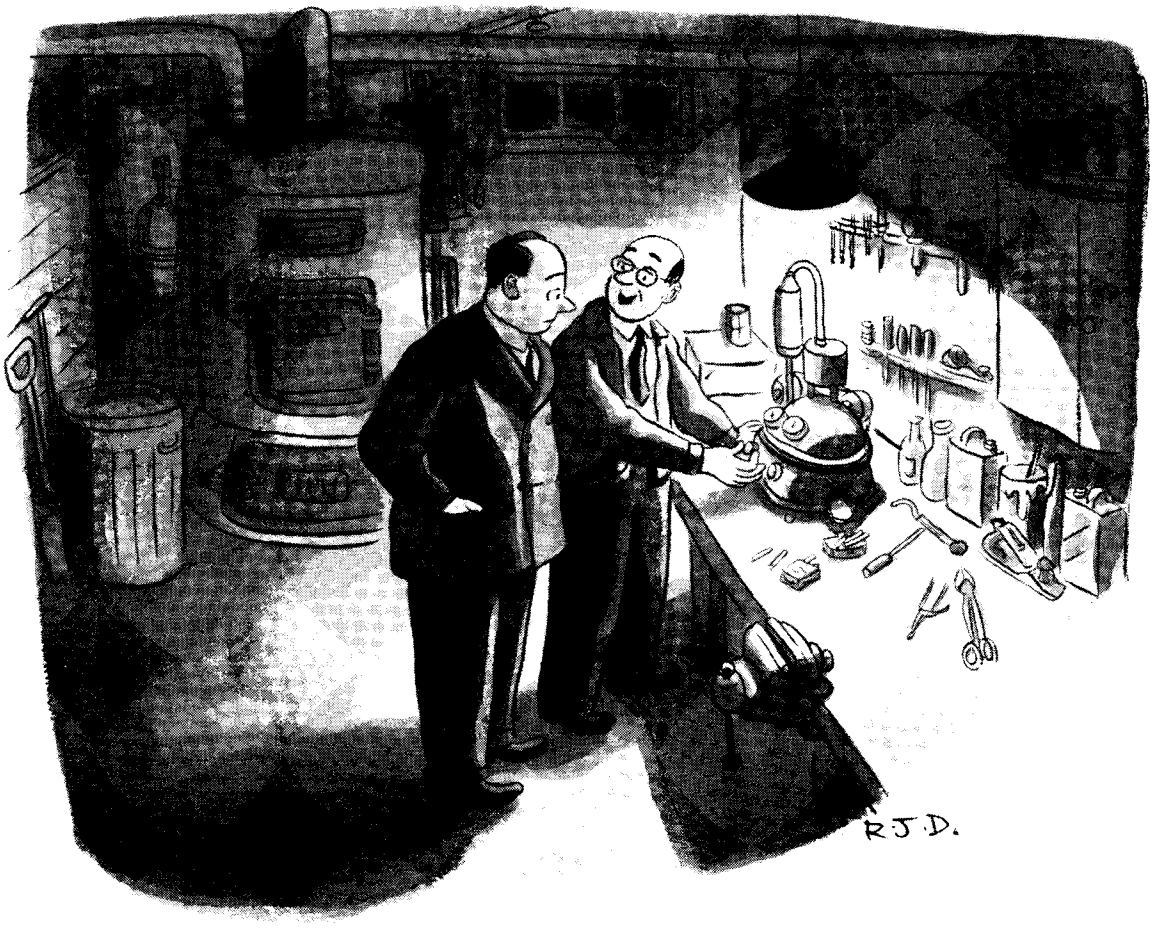
A FRIEND of ours passed a pair of teen-age girls trotting home from school and heard one of them utter an incredulous squeak: "You mean your father and mother *know* you read *PM?*"

Museum Piece

ONE of the more recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum, we are in a position to inform our readers, is a Grade B human skeleton. It is on display in the Far Eastern Art Department, in a small gallery decorated to resemble the tomb of Prince Kuo Ch'in Wang, a son of a seventeenth-century Manchu emperor, and, as you might imagine, it dominates an exhibition of Chinese court and funerary robes current there. The skeleton is clad in a weathered burial robe and is supposed to represent the Prince, or his osseous remains, lying in state in his tomb near Peking. The feet, arms, and skull, which are not concealed by the robe, are covered with gold leaf. This was applied by the Metropolitan for purely aesthetic reasons. It led several old patrons of the museum to the comfortable conclusion that the skeleton is merely a metal reproduction, but it's the real thing all right, although, as we suggested, not a first-rate specimen. The skeleton was bought for the exhibition by Alan Priest, curator of the department. In the company of Mr. Priest, we paid a morbid visit to the tomb the other day and had a good stare at the glittering Prince. Mr. Priest told us that the negotiations for the skeleton had given him the creeps. "It was the most businesslike deal I ever made," he said. "It was ghoulish."

He bought the skeleton from a medical-supply house on East Twenty-third Street after failing to find one at several museums and medical schools. By the time he got around to the medical-supply house, he told us, he was beginning to feel like a man who was trying to buy a cadaver. "I was so nervous, I suppose I *looked* like a man who was trying to buy a cadaver," he said. "But I was determined. I was bound and determined to get up a tomb that really looked like dead stuff." He was well received at the establishment on Twenty-third Street by the business manager, who asked him briskly just what grade skeleton he had in mind, A or B. "He was very helpful," Mr. Priest recalled, with a wince. "He said, 'I suppose you want one with all the fingers and most of the toes and the teeth in reasonably good condition.' That's what I wanted, but it turned out that that meant a Grade A skeleton and they were all out of Grade A's. He told me they expected a fine Grade A sometime in July." Mr. Priest's exhibit couldn't wait.

He was just about ready to settle for a poor Grade B, a skeleton that had a malformed hip, when the manager remembered a better B. It would have been a Grade A, in fact, if it hadn't become yellow with age. Mastering a slight shudder, Mr. Priest whispered in our ear, "He said it hadn't been *bleached* or *polished!*" Mr. Priest bought the down-graded specimen and fled uptown. It arrived a few days later and the museum's Egyptian Department assembled it without much trouble. "Then they sent it up to me," Mr. Priest said, "and good heavens, there was an iron



"I made it myself. It's to dementholate mentholated cigarettes."

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bolt in the top of the skull and attached to that an iron ring to hang it up by." He hesitated and added, "We had to *saw* it off."

We asked Mr. Priest if he would be able to find any use for his bundle of gilded bones in the future, and he said that he regarded it as a valuable piece of property. "I'll always be able to swap it around with the other museums," he said. "They'll hear about it and they'll want to try it out." We also asked Mr. Priest how much the skeleton had cost, but he declined to tell us. "The truth is," he explained uneasily, "they gave me a kind of professional rate."

Frustration

THIS item is not whimsey but fact, having been turned in by one of our most reliable correspondents. An old gentleman with the air of a Henry James character about him toddled into an uptown Schrafft's and asked the girl at the candy counter, "Have you any jelly beans *today?*" "Oh, no, sir," the girl said. "All sold out." The old gentleman left, shaking his head in vexation, and when he was gone the girl remarked to a colleague, "He's always too late for the jelly beans."

Just Like Jersey

THOSE newspaper pictures of our armored forces whizzing toward Berlin along the *Autobahnen*, or superhighways, reminded an engineering friend of ours that the Germans borrowed the whole idea of the super-highway, and most of the construction methods, from the United States—in particular, from New York and New Jersey. All through the mid-thirties, it seems, parties of visiting German highway engineers were as much a part of the scene at any big road-building job hereabouts as the steam rollers. We have talked to several engineers who remember the Germans. "Very polite young men with very robust German appetites" was how one fellow described them. Another recalled their cameras and their thoroughness in using them. "Talk about your Japanese!" he said. A Jersey highway engineer, who had shown a Greyhound bus full of Germans around in 1935, remembers that the leader was introduced as chief engineer of German highways and that he looked hardly more than thirty. "When we stopped in Trenton," he told us, "we gave them a lot of state-highway maps and plans of cloverleafs and the like, and you might have thought we'd given them a set of secret war plans, they got so excited. They struck me as a very emotional bunch, and that threw me off."

We are not going to describe superhighways at this stage in history, even to people who may not have been on one for several years. The general idea is to handle heavy traffic on a road without intersections or other obstacles. Some people said the Germans were planning on speeds as high as 140 M.P.H., but nobody seems to know whether this is true. A Public Roads Administration man we talked to was sore at the American tourists who had taken cars to Germany before the war and returned with the statement that the German *Autobahnen* were better than our *Autobahnen*. "The reason they were so charmed with the roads was that there was nobody else on them," he said. "There just weren't enough cars in Germany to cause a traffic problem. Why, U. S. 1 would seem like Utopia if you had it all to yourself." From the beginning it was plain to highway engineers that the German roads were a military rather than a work-relief project. "A child could see that," we were told by a man who reversed the usual process and went to Germany to look at the highways there. "They were designed to reach the borders in the shortest possible time, without reference to what they did to the countryside." He added that he had seen many German imitations of the cloverleaf crossing near Woodbridge, New Jersey, on U. S. 1, which was the first in this country. Also, there's a stretch between Nuremberg and Berlin that's a dead steal from a stretch along N. J. 2 that runs from Newark up toward the New York state line.

The visiting German engineers were evidently under orders not to discuss politics. Once, at a particularly complicated operation which the Germans wanted to watch, they were driven to flight by a sardonic truck driver who persisted in giving the Hitler salute. "They looked sheepish and got back into the car," a man who saw this told us. An engineer who had shown some Germans around later got a bronze swastika medal in the mail. He never did know what to do with it until the scrap drives were organized. Robert Moses remembers the Germans, too. "They used to borrow blueprints," he said. "They always promised to send us blueprints of *their* highways, but they never did."

Beach Scene

A NAVAL officer stationed in Palm Beach happened to be passing one of those old houses that date back to the days when Palm Beach *was* Palm Beach just as a governess emerged with a little boy, obviously bound for an afternoon airing. She wore the flowing gray veil of an earlier generation of governesses, her charge was a curly-haired little darling, and the scene would have had a terrific amount of nostalgic charm if the governess had not been riding a motor-scooter, with the boy in a tiny sidecar.

The Celluloid Brassière

FOR a journalist unwilling to interview Tennessee Williams, who wrote the latest hit show, "The Glass Menagerie," the only alternative is giving up his press card. Fortunately, Williams is an amiable and adaptable young man, unruffled even by such experiences as being asked to pose for three news photographers in a single morning. He told us, as he has told other interviewers, that four years ago he was an usher at the Strand Theatre. It turns out, however, that this was merely an interlude between jobs as a Guild playwright (unsuccessful) and as a Hollywood script writer (unsuccessful). "Battle of Angels" was the name of the Williams play the Guild put on, and, though it starred Miriam Hopkins and was directed by Margaret Webster, it folded up after the tryout in Boston. "I never heard of an audience getting so infuriated," Williams told us. "They hissed so loud you couldn't hear the lines, and that made Miriam so mad that she began to scream her lines above the hissing. Then they stamped their feet, and after a while most of them got up and left, banging their seats behind them. That play was, of course, a much better play than this one. The thing is, you

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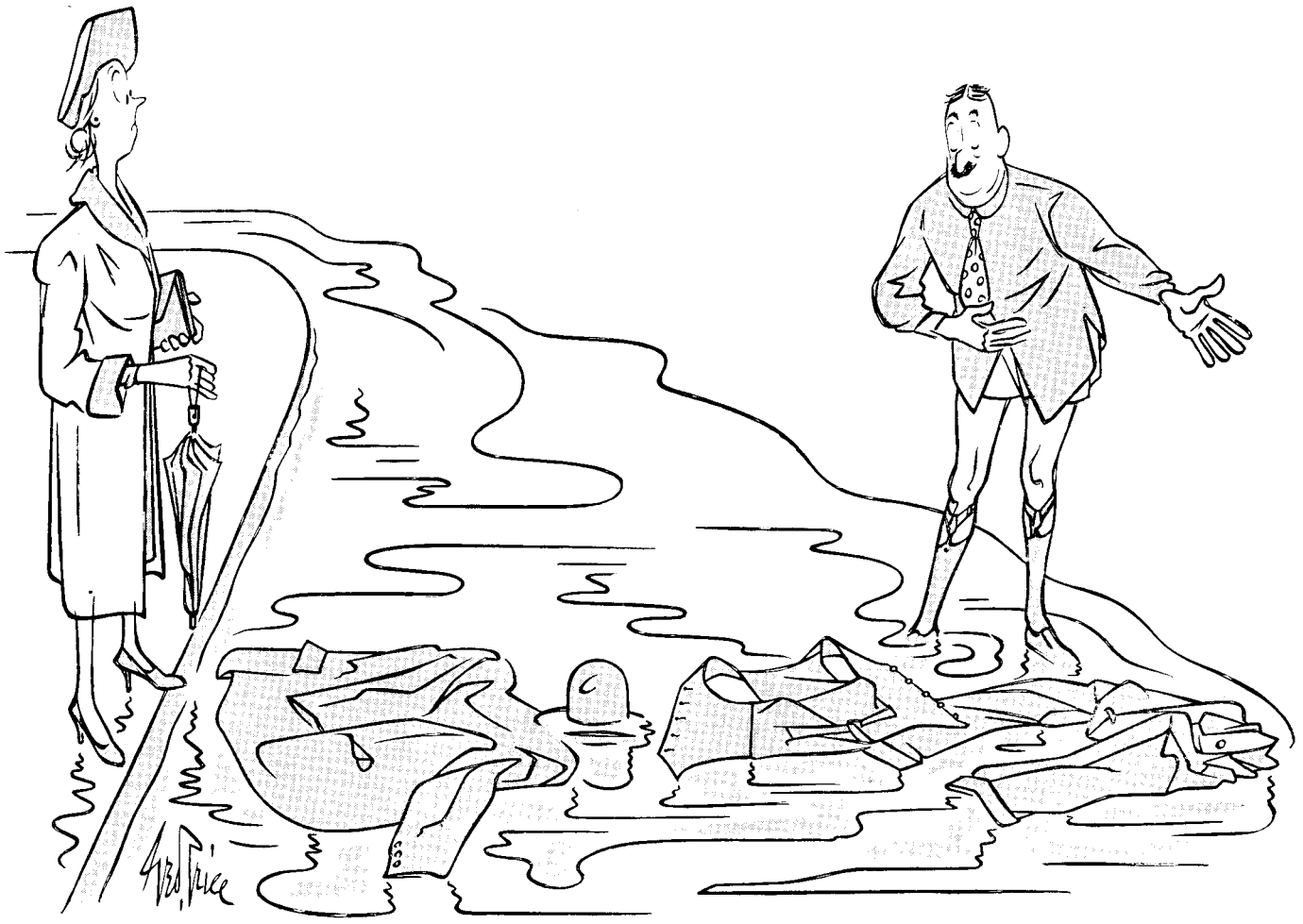

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can't mix up sex and religion, as I did in 'Battle of Angels,' but you can always write safely about mothers."

The mother Williams wrote about in "The Glass Menagerie" is his own. The play is mainly taken from life. "We moved to St. Louis when I was about thirteen," the author informed us. "We took an old house that just had windows at the front and back. My sister, who was a year older than I was, had a sad little shadowy room that looked out on an alley, so we painted it white for her, and she collected a lot of little glass animals and put them on the white shelves to brighten things up. It's something you remember. Especially if you're a playwright." A playwright Williams certainly is, the current show being the eighth he has written, not counting his work in Hollywood. He went out there straight from his run as a Strand usher, M-G-M having topped his old salary considerably (life is that way in the arts). They put him right to work on a Lana Turner picture the name of which he cannot remember—"I always thought of it as 'The Celluloid Brassière,' " he said—and then, when this project failed to work out, tried to assign him to a Margaret O'Brien script. When he had finished telling M-G-M what he thought of child actors, they barred him from the studio. He sat out the rest of his contract on the beach at Santa Monica, drawing two hundred and fifty dollars a week. That was when he started work on "The Glass Menagerie." He finished it in Provincetown last summer. When he showed the manuscript to his agent, she said, "Well, let's get it typed, anyway."

Williams is a small, quiet man with rather close-clipped hair and a heart which is a little too unstable to allow him to be in the Army. Collectors of psychosomatic lore will be fascinated to learn that he was once paralyzed for two weeks, apparently as a gesture of protest against working in a shoe store; at any rate, when his parents told him he didn't have to go back to the shoe store, the paralysis went away. He seems to be pretty well relaxed now. "I never had a very hard time of it," he said, "so now that I'm about to have an easy time of it, it doesn't seem to make so much difference. In the last ten years I've nearly always done what I wanted, and when I needed money there were always things I could do—clerking or ushering. Sometimes it was a nuisance, taking time off from writing to make enough money to eat, but there are plenty of things about being successful that are a nuisance, too—those three photographers this morning, for instance."

Symptom

ALMOST everybody occasionally gets into that mood in which one decides to stop rushing, rushing, rushing and be a spectator of the comedy of life. Two Martinis at lunch may induce it, or a profound article in *Reader's Digest*, or spring. Anyway, a lady we know was overcome by this feeling while shopping at Macy's the other day. She allowed another lady to get ahead of her at the button counter, waived her turn at the revolving door, and then descended to the subway, where she let several trains go by because they were too full. There she was at length approached by a small, dishevelled woman with a string shopping bag, who muttered, "I been watching you. You sick?"

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LET'S GET RID OF THE RIBBON CLERKS

ON Saturday the company went out to Alligator Point to make spacing tests with the new smoke generators. Now they were coming back into camp, a long column of jeeps and trailers, the men tired and dirty and looking forward to Saturday night in Tallahassee, to getting away from the post for a few hours.

But Lieutenant Fred Wilson's problem was to figure out a way of staying on the post tonight. He and his wife, Dottie, were supposed to go swimming at Wakulla Springs with the Robinsons. Dottie would blow her top if he told her he wanted to drop out of the party. He could almost hear the piercing accents of her complaining voice.

He wanted to stay because there was going to be a big game at the Officers' Club tonight. Not the usual ten-and-twenty poker, where you nickel and dime yourself to death, but table stakes with a couple of brass hats from Washington sitting in. There would be pots of fifty, a hundred, maybe a couple of hundred dollars, even. A guy could really clean up in a game like that.

"I've got to make it," Wilson told himself, feeling the anticipatory thrill of gambling, the elation that accompanies the snap around of carefully dealt cards, the gathering up of the hand, close-held against the face, the looking at each card separately and with mounting excitement.

Wilson's was the leading jeep of the motor convoy, and the driver halted at the fire station, as usual, to let the rest of the column close up before resuming the motor march at the slower speed required in the camp area. Overhead, P-40s from Dale Mabry Field were circling, preparatory to making their practice bombing and strafing runs out at the tip of the Point. Tremendous clouds were piled along the limitless horizon, but the sky above was clear and the late-afternoon sun held a midday heat. As always there along the Gulf, the sky was vast and the land flat and meagre, the sea flat and unruffled.

What the hell could he tell Dottie, Wilson wondered. He could say he was O.D. tonight, but she could check up on that. Or that there was a night problem. Or an officers' call. The trouble was she could check up on any alibi he gave. It would be better not to go home at all. He could borrow a change of clothes from someone and send Dottie a message. Robinson would do it. He'd tell Robinson to take Dottie out to the Springs, that he'd be along later. O.K. Now, about money. He had ten dollars and could cash a check for another ten bucks at the Club, but of course he'd need much more than that. He thought, I don't want to get caught with a big hand and not have any dough in front of me. And it was bad psychology to write a check at the very beginning of a game. Especially since one of his had bounced recently.

His jeep driver said, "O.K., sir?"

"What?" Wilson demanded. Then he realized that they were still halted. He glanced back down the line, said "O.K.," and the driver gave the arm-and-hand signal for go ahead and edged the jeep forward.

WILSON stopped at battalion headquarters to see if there was any mail. There wasn't, but he found Lieutenant Robinson and gave him the message for Dottie.

Robinson was a little uneasy. "You'd better tell her yourself," he said. "She'll want to know why—"

"Just say I'm held up. I'll come out later with Myer."

"Is he going to Wakulla? I thought—"

"If he isn't, I'll get a ride with someone else. I'll see you out there," said Wilson with finality. He left Robinson and took Lieutenant Jones by the arm.

Jones was a new lieutenant recently assigned to the battalion, about Wilson's size but four or five years younger. He was only a kid and not too bright a one at that.

Wilson said, "Say, Jonesy, lend me a shirt and trousers for tonight, will you, chum?"

"Well, gee . . ." Jones said.

Wilson glanced at his watch. "I've got to get out of these fatigues and haven't time to go home. Hell, I'll send it to the laundry for you, if that's what's the matter."

"No, that's all right."

"Let's go, then," said Wilson.

HALF an hour later, showered and wearing a chino shirt and trousers of Jones's, with fifteen additional dollars in his pocket that Jones had reluctantly given him in exchange for a check, Wilson walked along the broken duckboard walk to the Officers' Club. It was a tar-paper shack illuminated by blue fluorescent lights and containing a pool table, a short-order kitchen, a bar that dispensed bottled beer, and a number of chairs and tables. A large fan, whirring in a corner, stirred the humid air.

Wilson saw Captain Myer standing at the ice-water barrel with Major Kelly. They were two of the poker players, but Wilson didn't join them. He got a beer, cashed a check for ten dollars—the limit at the Officers' Club—and went over to a chair by the pool table, so that he could keep an eye on Kelly and Myer. His strategy was to pretend an elaborate disinterest in poker until the players sat down and then join them, ostensibly for a few hands. This deviousness was inspired by the fact that he owed Captain Myer twenty-five dollars. The chances were that Myer wouldn't say anything about it if Wilson just popped into the game that way. He decided to pay Myer out of his first good pot. He liked to pay his debts that way, largely because money at a poker table didn't seem like money to him.

The two officers from Washington came in shortly. They were Major Brinton and Lieutenant Colonel Le Clerc. Brinton was short and bland-faced and had the special rotundity of majors; Le Clerc was an elderly man with a sharp eye and frequently pursed lips.

Wilson watched them while they talked to Kelly and Myer. Presently Kelly called over to Lieutenant Lopez, another poker regular. They all moved to the poker table and sat down. Major Kelly opened a new pack of cards while the others laid money before them and ordered beer and hamburgers from the bar.

Wilson got up and walked over to the table. He slipped into a chair between Lopez and Myer and said, "Deal me in," to Major Kelly. Then, looking at his watch, he added quickly, "I can only sit in for a few rounds. Dottie wants me home early. God knows why

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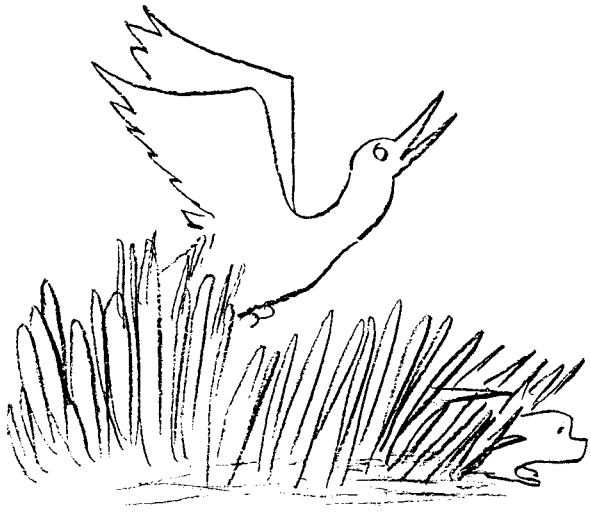
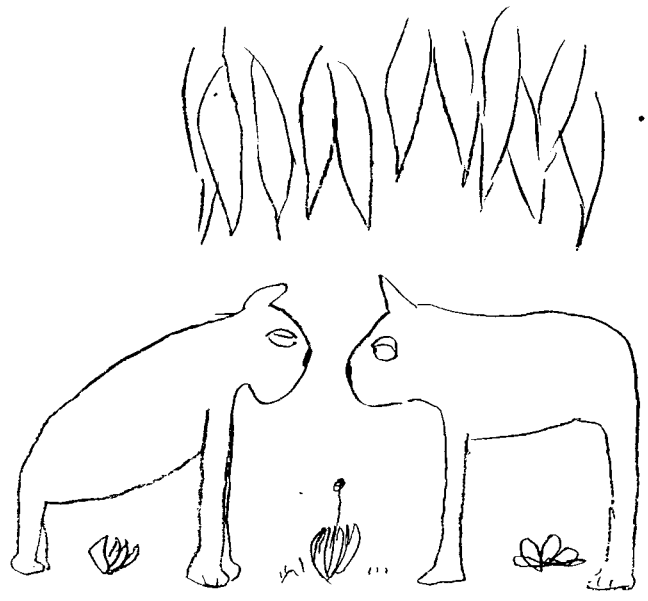
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY

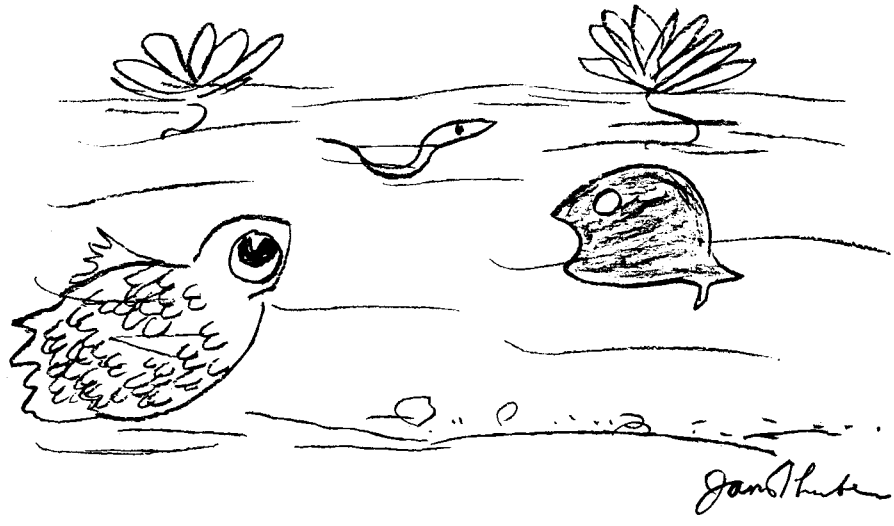


An Upstart rising from a clump of Johnny-Come-Lately. The small rodent (right) is a Spouse.



A Trochee (left) encountering a Spondee

THREE FRESH-WATER CREATURES



The Qualm *The Glib* *The Moot*

—so we can stare at each other, I guess."

Myer said, "I thought you were going out to Wakulla Springs with Robby."

"Couldn't make it," said Wilson, smoothing out his little pile of bills and arranging his change in neat stacks.

Kelly gave Wilson a long stare and asked, "What have you been telling your little woman about me? She's been bending my frau's ear about how I lead you astray."

"She must have been kidding."

"From the reports I got, she wasn't kidding. Keep me out of your troubles, man."

"What's the game?" asked Wilson, his face petulant.

"Dealer's choice," said Kelly. "Draw or stud. Fifty-cent ante on draw."

Brinton said, "Aren't we going to use chips?"

"There's a war on, Major," said Captain Myer. "We have none of the amenities of civilization here."

"There's no limit to the buy-in, either?" asked Brinton.

Kelly said, "You bet with what you've got in front of you. After a hand you can put up more money if you want to. That O.K.?"

Brinton nodded. "If that's the way you want to play, it's all right by me." His eyes had the intentness of a cat that has just sighted some pigeons.

"This is draw," said Kelly. "Jacks or better to open."

Wilson got four spades and a diamond. He drew to the flush but didn't make it.

He took two pots in the next hour and that enabled him to stay even. He was playing very carefully, staying out of most pots, watching the others play, listening to the clichés of poker, weighing the ability of the officers from Washington. Brinton was pretty fair, but Wilson didn't think he pushed a strong hand the way he should have. Le Clerc was terrible but shot with luck. He knew about Myer, who was a steady player, and Kelly, who was erratic, and Lopez, who stayed in too many pots. "I should clean this gang," he said to himself.

The big fan throbbed at Wilson's elbow and the Florida night came swiftly outside the screened windows, with practically no twilight. At nine o'clock the players heard the metallic squawking of the open-air movie down the street, and then the bigger-than-life harmony of an orchestra's strings. It was a Deanna Durbin picture.

They played on steadily and the only conversation was the odds and ends of poker phrases—Kelly saying, "You can never go broke taking a profit," as he pulled in a small pot, or Myer, when asked if he had a pair showing, replying, "Yeah. Paregoric," or Lopez muttering, "What do you have to do to get a hand?"

AROUND eleven, Wilson's cards improved. He won four pots in a row and the mound of bills and

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"Now don't worry. I'll get you out of here if it takes the rest of my life."

• •

change in front of him was so impressive that he amiably pushed over twenty-five dollars to Myer. "Thanks, pal," he said. But then his cards began to run second high, and at one o'clock, when the Club closed and they moved the game down to Captain Myer's hutment, Wilson was down about fifty dollars and had already written two checks. Lopez and Kelly were losing, too.

They carried a case of beer to the hutment with them. It was very dark and they moved carefully over the duckboards. The pine trees that grew in the sandy earth rose motionless against the distant, star-pierced sky. Frogs and cicadas were chorusing out in the swamps and there was a sense of timelessness to the hot, insect-ridden night.

Wilson's luck stayed bad and he looked resentfully at the money in front of Captain Myer, convinced that paying his twenty-five-dollar debt was what had started it all. He waited impatiently for his run of cards to change, still confident that with any break at all he was bound to win. He smoked and drank beer and wrote checks when necessity required. His thin face sharpened as he watched the fall of the cards.

Then he won a pot, and another, stayed out of the next few, and had a couple of more wins. He had sixty or seventy dollars in front of him when the big one came up. And he dealt it himself.

He dealt around two down cards and then turned the next card up.

"Hey, what *is* this?" demanded Major Brinton. "What's the game?"

"Seven-card stud," said Wilson.

Brinton said, "I thought we agreed to play only draw and stud, and no wild games."

"Nothing's wild," said Wilson.

"But this isn't poker," said Brinton irritably. "You might as well be playing all spades wild—"

"It's dealer's choice," replied Wilson. "You can fold your hand if you don't like the game." To Myer, he said, "Your ace is high."

Myer opened for a half-dollar. Wilson had a six of hearts up. He looked at his hole cards. A pair of tens. A tremor of excitement went through him. When the bet came to him, he raised Myer a dollar, saying, "You can't insult my deal." Lopez dropped.

Wilson's next card was the queen of hearts. Myer got a king to his ace but no one else seemed to have improved. Myer bet a dollar and Wilson said, "I'll just raise that five. Let's get rid of the ribbon clerks."

"What the hell are you so proud of?" demanded Kelly, studying Wilson's hand. Then he folded. Myer, Le Clerc, and Brinton stayed.

Wilson dealt himself another six. He had two pair now, and he bet ten dollars. Brinton hesitated briefly, then called, and Wilson, whistling tunelessly, felt happy. He knew Brinton was annoyed with him and hoped his annoyance would keep him in the game. Le Clerc pursed his lips a long time and kept reexamining his hole cards. Then he said, "I'm through." Myer said, "Against my better judgment," and pushed out one of Wilson's checks for fifteen dollars and took five dollars change.

Wilson dealt around. He gave himself the seven of hearts. He still had his two pair, and now he had four hearts. He had a possible full house, a possible flush. He was sure that his luck was in.

"Pair of sixes are high," said Brinton.

Wilson counted his money very deliberately. "Twenty-five dollars," he said.

Brinton and Myer stayed, Myer saying, "I ought to have my head examined." He was shooting for a flush. It was hard to read Brinton's hand—he had a jack, ace, nine, and four showing. He might have two pair.

As Wilson started to deal the last card, Myer said, "This one is down!"

"I know it's down," Wilson answered. He dealt, laid down the pack, and put his card with his two other hole cards. Then he brought the three cards up to his face, separated them. He'd got the deuce of clubs. He hadn't improved. He put the cards back on the table. Brinton and Myer were looking at him.

"Your bet," said Brinton.

Wilson knew he should bet, that this was the time to bluff, but his nerve failed. He tapped his cards. "Check," he said.

Brinton leaned forward. "How much money have you got there, Lieutenant?"

Oh, God, he's got me, thought Wilson. He said, "Bet your hand, Major."

"I'm going to bet, all right," said Brinton. "I just wanted to save bookkeeping." He counted out money. "Thirty bucks," he said.

Myer turned down his up cards. "I didn't fill," he said sadly.

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Wilson felt trapped. Brinton's bluffing, he thought. I've got to call him. But he didn't make a move. He looked at Brinton's hand and at his own.

"Anybody calling?" asked Brinton.

"Wait a minute, can't you?" demanded Wilson. Suddenly, he pushed out the thirty dollars. That left him with seventy-five cents.

"Jack-high straight," said Brinton, showing his hand. Wilson reached, unbelieving, for Brinton's cards, his lips moving as he counted the straight. Then he snapped over his own cards. "God damn, look at that!" he said.

"Consolation prize," said Lopez, putting a bottle of beer beside him.

Wilson complained in a strained voice, "I had two pair from the first four cards. I had four hearts to a queen-high flush, and then he makes a lucky last-card draw on me."

Brinton was pulling in the pot—nearly two hundred dollars.

"I had to see him," Wilson declared to uninterested listeners. "Somebody had to keep him honest. I couldn't let him steal the pot."

"You should know by this time that I never bluff," said Brinton.

"Whose deal is it?" asked Myer, and then he said to Wilson, "The crying room is the third door to the left."

"Give me your pen," said Wilson to Lopez.

Le Clerc began to shuffle with the maddening deliberation of a winner. Wilson wrote a check for twenty-five dollars and said defiantly, "This is my last check, damn it."

"You said that before," said Lopez.

"I mean it this time."

"I'll bet you do."

Wilson couldn't keep silent. He said, "I've always heard there wasn't any rank at the poker table, but the lieutenants are getting it in the neck, as usual."

"My heart bleeds," Major Kelly told him.

Colonel Le Clerc finally finished shuffling. Wilson cut and then Le Clerc felt in his pockets f r cigarettes.

"Let's go, let's go," said Wilson.

It was draw poker this time and Wilson got a bust hand.

Brinton said, "It's nearly three. What time shall we quit?"

No one answered, but Le Clerc gave him an encouraging look.

Wilson said, "Hell, we can quit right now, if you want to. I know how sleepy winning a big pot makes a man."

"You're the loser," said Brinton. "When do you want to quit?"

"If it's up to me, I'm good for twenty-four hours."

Brinton laughed. "Well, I'm not."

Wilson said, "Any time you're tired, Major, just pull out."

Brinton looked at his watch and addressed the Colonel. "What do you say to four o'clock?"

"That's good by me," answered the Colonel.

Now that a time had been set for quitting, the minutes raced by. Wilson's face had a bruised look. He tried to bluff his way through a hand, but Kelly called him and won with a pair of treys. Wilson wrote another check.

When they stopped, he was down a hundred and sixty dollars.

"How about one more round?" he asked, wetting his lips.

Brinton gave him a brief glance. Le Clerc rubbed his eyes tiredly.

"We agreed to quit at four," said Myer.

"*They* said that," Wilson answered, indicating the Washington officers. "We don't have to quit because they're quitting." He turned to Lopez, desperate for allies. "How about you, Joe?"

"I've had enough," said Lopez. Kelly pocketed his money and pushed

"Oh, I couldn't make it Friday—I've so many things to do. It's the thirteenth, you know."

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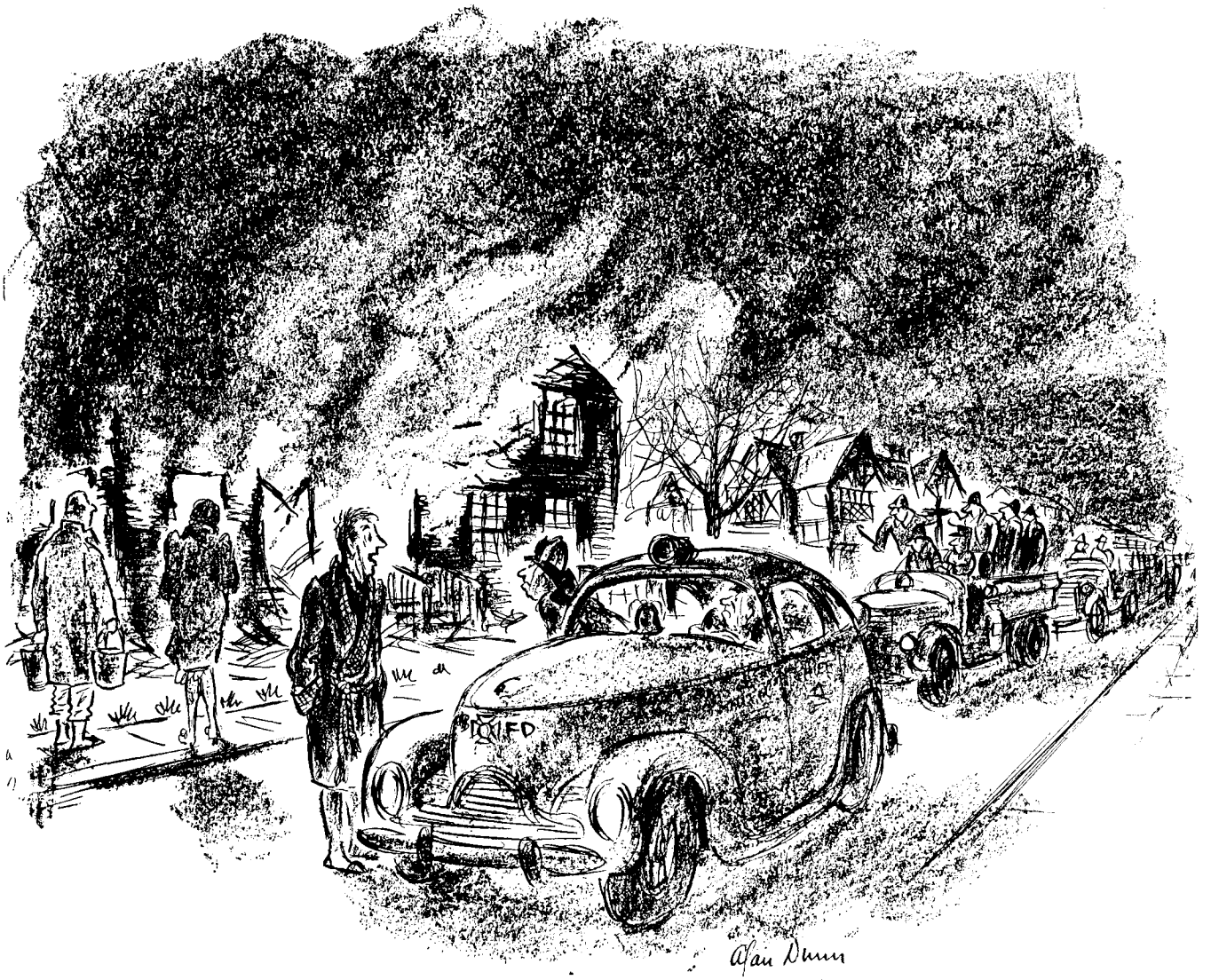

"I was beginning to think you didn't get my message."

•

back from the table. Myer stretched prodigiously.

Wilson looked around at them, searching each face with a kind of desperation. Without another word he got up and left.

OUTSIDE, Wilson walked blindly along the duckboards, then stepped off them to the yielding sand and stood for a moment just beyond the screened window of the hutment.

He heard Lopez say, "How much did he drop? It must have been a couple of hundred, at least."

Kelly said sententiously, "Men who can't afford it shouldn't play poker."

Brinton, who had most of Wilson's checks, asked anxiously, "Are these going to bounce?"

Kelly laughed. "That's a good question."

They started toward the door and Wilson moved quickly around the corner of the hutment and stood there while they went up the walk toward the latrine. He felt alone in the sleeping camp. A dog was barking far off and the stars trembled above him. He heard the dull clamor of the frogs and the beer he had drunk was heavy in his stomach.

Dottie was back from Wakulla Springs, he knew. She'd be sleeping lightly against his coming, ready to make the night hideous with complaints. And Brinton would be sure to put the checks through on Monday. "I've got to get some money," thought Wilson. He could get fifty from his mother, maybe more. And Dottie'd have to touch her old man.

"I'm in a jam," he told himself, "a real jam this time."

Strangely, that made him feel a little better. It would shut Dottie up, anyway. When he got home she'd raise a stink and he wouldn't say anything. He wouldn't answer her at all. Then, sensing that something was really wrong, she'd say more quietly, "What's the matter?," and he'd tell her. Even Dottie would recognize that it was serious.

Maybe she can get her father to wire the money, he thought. They'd call him long distance tomorrow.

He shivered a little and set off for home. —ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From a North African Army Transport Service newspaper*]

Pvt. Alexander McClusky, who was hospitalized last week by an accident when a skip-loader undergoing repair jamed in gear raising the shovel part which knock the roof off the shack he was working in the quarry and dropped an eight by eight beam that hit him a glancing blow on the side of his head and knocked out five teeth, finally left yesterday on his trip for the States.

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ALEXANDER

Aunt Eva, my father's sister, was French and looked like the drawings of ladies in Du Maurier's "Trilby," a great contrast to my English mother, who was blond and small. Aunt Eva, although handsome and talented—she played the piano beautifully and could make exquisite embroidery—had never married, and for many years, when my family lived in India, she made her home with us. Because of her volatile and indulgent temper, she was a great favorite with my brother and me, but what I especially remember was her hair. It was like no other hair I have ever seen—dark as a blackbird and so long and heavy that her toilet was always a ritual. She would sit on a chair with her hair draped over the back of another chair while the ayah drew a brush down the whole length, as though she were grooming a horse. Occasionally we children were allowed to assist in this ceremony, but not often, for it demanded skill as well as strength, and my aunt's scalp, we were constantly reminded, was *très délicat*. How she ever managed to braid the unwieldy mass of hair into a shape compact enough to wear under a hat was something we never quite understood. True, the hats of that day were different from what they are now. My mother's hats and my aunt's were marvellous arrangements, some the size of laundry baskets and festooned with silk or muslin, others tiny, dashing affairs held to the head by hatpins as long as bayonets. The toilet of the grownups was a source of never-ending interest and excitement for my brother and me. I remember an afternoon during the years when we were living in a place called Aligarh, in the United Provinces. My mother and Aunt Eva were going to a garden party and we waited on the veranda to watch their departure. They looked very elegant as they kissed us farewell and bade us behave ourselves during their absence. As my aunt walked toward the veranda steps, we saw an odd expression cross my mother's face. She murmured, "Oh, Eva, my dear."

My aunt performed a regal half turn. "Yes, my dear?"

"My dear, did you remember to shake out your hat before you put it on?"

"Did I what?"

"Your hat, my dear. Your hair—your hat."

My brother and I, and the ayah and a manservant who were to be our guardians for the evening, all stared at my aunt's hat, a white straw swathed in pale-blue veiling, one end of which passed behind the great chignon of hair at the nape of her neck.

My mother murmured breathlessly, "Now, don't be frightened, but there seems to be something—a—a something . . ."

There was a brief pause. Then, emitting a succession of loud French yells, my aunt tore the hat from her head and cast it on the floor, scattering combs and hairpins by the dozen. We all turned our attention to the hat. One corner of the veil moved, and a large, gray, bony tarantula emerged and sidled unobtrusively off across the matting. My aunt gathered her skirts tightly round her legs and went into a crescendo of screams, shared, in English, by my mother. In the middle of the excitement the manservant standing nearby walked over to the tarantula, calmly set his bare heel on it, and crushed it flat. Never again did my aunt put on a hat without subjecting it to minute examination.

One spring an Indian friend made my brother and me a present of a six-weeks-old black-buck antelope. This charming creature drank milk from a bottle, took sugar from our hands, and, as he grew, followed us all round the compound and sometimes into the house. We named him Alexander and he soon became a favorite with the entire household, taking precedence in our affections over two parrots, a squirrel, several white rats, and all the dogs. That year, when the weather became hot, we children were sent to the hills with my aunt, while my parents stayed in Aligarh, where my father was practicing law. We were gone until the end of October, and when we returned to Aligarh we found that Alexander had grown into an agile young buck as high as a greyhound. My father warned us not to tease our pet, who was now very strong and whose horns were formidable weapons, shaped like corkscrews tapering to sharp points. Although Alexander had not seen my brother and me for so long, he accepted us quite good-naturedly, taking sugar from our hands and letting us scratch his ears. But he was rapidly developing what my father called *tempérament*, and we soon learned to associate the Gallic pronunciation of this word with certain of Alexander's more exuberant tendencies. Although too well fed and pampered to be actually vicious, he liked

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to express his *tempérament* by chasing the servants up trees or by tearing round the garden at top speed, finishing off with a series of ballet-dancer's leaps into the air. But the most interesting development of his personality lay in his attitude toward my Aunt Eva. Perhaps he recognized in her that quality of *tempérament* which my father had detected in him. At any rate, my aunt had only to appear and ecstasy would seize upon Alexander. Arching his neck, planting his four delicate feet, he would spring into the air four, five, six times in lightning succession, then he would dash round and round the garden, scattering dogs, gravel, and coolies in every direction. Or, spying my aunt as she strolled among the flowers, Alexander would sneak up behind her, snort loudly, and give one of his Nijinsky leaps, startling her out of her wits.

One day my aunt was a half hour late for lunch. When she finally came to the table, she complained that she had been detained in the garden by Alexander's peculiar behavior. Discovering her as she sat under the trees at the farther end, he had approached by stealth and planted himself between her and her only avenue of escape. He then went through his entire repertoire, leaping, bounding, rushing in circles, making lightning charges at imaginary enemies, and reducing my aunt to a state bordering on prostration. She was finally rescued by the gardener, who escorted her back to the house. When she had finished her story, she gazed reproachfully at my father, who was laughing. "*Enfin*, George! It is no laughing matter. You should do something."

"What, for instance?"

"You must get rid of Alexander."

"*No!*" cried my brother and I together.

"But I tell you the animal is demented!" wailed my aunt.

"Nonsense," said my father. "He's in love, that's all."

"In love?"

"In love, my dear—and with you."

"*George!*"

My father said calmly, "It's perfectly obvious, and, I fear, entirely wasted. All your life you've declared that no man possessed enough verve, gallantry, grace, or capacity for devotion to command your affections. Now it is your fate to discover all these virtues in an antelope, and, having discovered them, what do you do? You proceed to treat Alexander in exactly the same fashion that you've always treated your other admirers—with coquetry, pretended indifference, flutterings, outcries—"

At this point my aunt turned very red and began to argue with my father in furious French, the language she always used when emotionally upset, to which he replied obstinately and lucidly in English. I don't remember how the argument ended, but I do remember the fascination exercised upon the minds of my brother and myself by the idea of Alexander's unrequited passion for my aunt. As autumn passed into winter, his behavior continued quite unpredictable. The servants were given orders not to allow him in the garden, which was unfenced, but it was difficult for them to drive him away, since he had only to lower his head and stamp his foot to make them run like cowards. However, Alexander made no serious attempt to attack anyone, a fact which weakened my aunt's case against him whenever she brought the subject up before my father. By spring, Alexander was full-grown, weighing almost seventy-five pounds and with horns a foot long. Black and white, moving always with the intricate balance of the antelope, he appeared to us to be a creature incomparably sylvan and fastidious, charms which were entirely wasted on my aunt.

BUT before the year was out, we all knew that we would not be able to keep Alexander much longer, for a new arrogance had come upon him, and he moved with an air which made it quite plain that henceforth he was taking no nonsense from anyone. He cornered our spaniel and gave her a severe pummelling, and another time, coming across the gardener's quilted jacket hung on a bush, he charged it, tossed it in the air, then trampled it savagely under his sharp little hooves. "Had I been inside that jacket," remarked the gardener afterward, "I would be as full of holes as the Miss Sahib's embroidery."

One night in March, just before the family's annual departure for the hills, my brother's bed and mine, swathed in mosquito nets, were carried under the trees, where we would rest better in the fresh night air. My parents slept on a veranda overlooking the garden, and my aunt that night had her bed placed between my brother's and mine. Long after the grownups had fallen asleep, we children lay awake under our nets, silently signalling in the starlight to one another or conversing in whispers across my aunt's unconscious body. Perhaps we disturbed her, for she stirred suddenly and turned over, and a great braid of hair, escaping from the mosquito net, slid over the edge of her bed and hung down to the ground. We lay quietly, listening to the hooting of the little owls and to an occasional voice from the servants' quarters in the distance. Soon we heard something else—a firm, precise step on the gravel—and Alexander appeared in the driveway between the house and the lawn. The starlight glanced off his spiralled horns, off his damp nostrils and dark, glowing eyes. We wondered what could have roused him from his bed under the farther trees, where he had been dreaming, with his nose tucked into his flank and his legs folded neatly under him. The sight of our beds outdoors didn't seem to trouble him. He crossed the drive and stepped onto the grass, nibbled a blade or two, came a few steps closer, nibbled some more. Soon he was standing close to us and we caught his sharp and feral scent. Then he lowered his head and we thought he must be grazing once more, as indeed he was. Craning against our nets, we saw that he had hold of the end of my aunt's braid and was trying, not very successfully, to eat it.

"Alexander!" we whispered. "*Alexander!*"

Annoyed by this interruption and frustrated in his attempts to swallow all of the intractable mass, Alexander arched his neck and tugged with vigor. My aunt awoke, moaning, to find herself being dragged out of bed by the hair. As the realization of this broke upon her, she began to scream in stupendous bursts of sound which brought my parents rushing from their beds and the servants from their quarters. Armed with sticks, the men closed in on Alexander, forcing him to retreat as he paid out the braid inch by inch to the accompaniment of my aunt's agonized shrieks and the no less vocal but completely ineffectual reassurances of the rescuers.

Next day, trussed, and with his head in a bag, Alexander was borne away and set free on a distant plain, to join the herd of wild antelope from which he had been taken the year before.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

•

WITNESSES wanted who saw man hit with baseball bat in "Yum Yum" Restaurant, Summit St., 12:30 a.m. March 2.
—*Toledo Blade.*

Make your mouth water?

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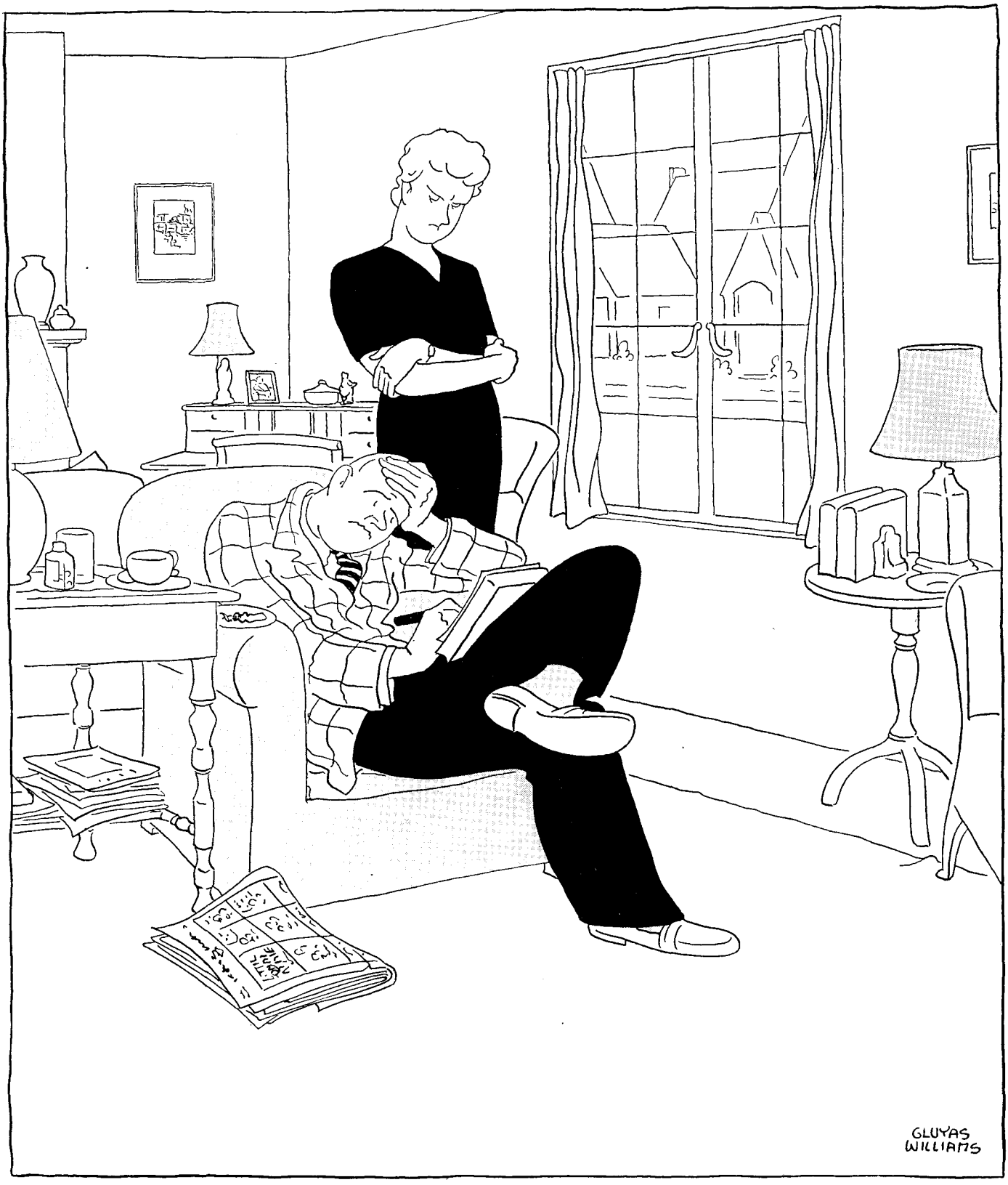

THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Myrt:—I want to offer my sincere apologies for what happened last night. I guess I made a fool of myself as well as spoiled your party. Ag always says, when a fellow has a few too many he gets either sentimental or pugnacious, and I suppose I'm the latter type. Anyhow I'm awfully sorry. Though I can't help adding that if Ed Hurley hadn't said what he did first it wouldn't have all gotten started probably. I will say that I can't for the life of me understand how a supposedly sophisticated person like Ed Hurley's wife can take offense . . ."

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A REPORTER IN YUGOSLAVIA

THE LONG MARCH—PART I

THERE were two ways of reaching the interior of Yugoslavia when I visited that country in the spring of 1944. The first was by parachute and the second was by walking. I walked. I walked for seven days—inland from the Adriatic coast—most of the time over mountains and about half the time through German-occupied territory. The front in Yugoslavia at that time was unlike any other front in the world, except possibly that of the Chinese guerrillas. It was the perimeters of the numerous chunks of liberated territory the Partisans had carved out of the nominally German-held country. There was no such thing as a line, with Partisans on one side and Germans and local Fascists on the other; the Partisans fought out from all around the edges of the liberated areas, frequently almost back to back. I was on the way to one of these areas. To reach any of them on foot from the coast, it was necessary to cross occupied territory. This was often not as difficult as it sounds. The Germans controlled the cities and large towns and main roads, but they stuck very close to them. By keeping to back trails and travelling at night, it was possible to walk through German territory for long stretches and not meet any Germans, or at least not many.

I was taken into the interior of Yugoslavia by Partisans. Their official title then was the National Army of Liberation and Partisan Detachments of Yugoslavia; they are now simply the Yugoslav Army. The Partisans are made up of anyone who wants to fight the Fascists, regardless of age, sex, religion, or political coloration. I myself was an American soldier on a special assignment for the Army. I travelled with a group of fifty Partisans, most of them delegates on their way to a youth congress to be held at Partisan headquarters. It was the second congress of the Yugoslavian anti-Fascist youth organization, to which the majority of the Partisan youths between seven and twenty-five belong; this means most of the non-collaborationist Yugoslav youths. The main duties of this organization, besides the normal combatant duties, were to organize and inform the country's youth about the war. Members also served in agricultural brigades to work the land and taught illiterate children and adults to read. The first congress was held in December of 1942, and now the delegates were returning to report on what their groups had done in the intervening year and a half. The delegates I travelled with were from Dalmatia, which is the part of Yugoslavia that lies along the Adriatic. They had been granted leaves of absence from their units to attend the congress. Also in our party were several older soldiers, who were being transferred to new outfits, and six young girls who had just finished nurse's training and were to report to various combat units. It struck me at first that this was rather an unwieldy group to sneak through occupied territory, but the Partisans said that you had to travel either with a big group or just a few. Otherwise the Germans would have you where they wanted you. Two or three men travelling together might not be noticed, and a group of fifty Partisans, armed with rifles and Tommy guns, could handle up to three or four hundred Germans. All of our group was armed, including the nurses.

I reached the Dalmatian coast by crossing the Adriatic, by stages, from Italy. On the last stage, which was from a tiny island off the coast, I was with the Partisans in an ex-fishing boat that they had stiffened with machine guns and christened a gunboat. The entire Dalmatian coast was then German-occupied, so we were to make contact with a guerrilla detachment of a hundred or so Partisans, who were coming out of the hills to meet and escort us back into the hills. The fishing boat didn't look very rakish, but it moved swiftly and quietly, and that was what these waters called for. The night before, its crew had captured a German schooner running supplies to garrisons along the coast, and two nights before that they had sunk another schooner. The boat had no accommodations for passengers, but there was a hold for fish, and most of the Partisans went into that. The rest of us stayed on deck. I sat forward with a very tall, lean Partisan boy named George, who spoke fairly good English and who acted as my interpreter. George had been a university student in the Dalmatian coastal city of Split. He had stayed on for a while after the Italian Fascists had arrived there in the early days of the war and then had gone into the mountains and joined the Partisans. The leader of our group, a young major named Peter, was sitting forward with us. He was a dark, handsome, ingenuous fellow, and had been wounded six times in two and a half years of fighting. Before the war he had been a bank clerk. It was hard to believe this, because he was now the perfect soldier. The three of us lay on deck near one of the machine guns, looking up at the sky. It was a nice night, not too cold, the air fresh and salty. There was no moon, but the sky was dizzy with stars. A light fog hung on the water, and it made an effective screen for our boat, which cut smoothly through the calm sea. Most of the passengers on deck were trying to sleep, since we would be walking all night, but I was too restless. Once someone thought he saw a light in the distance. The word was passed around and some of the crew quietly went to their guns, but nothing happened.

I was trying to see through the darkness when one of the crew came up and tapped me on the shoulder. "You the American?" he asked, in English but with a Slavic accent.

I said yes, and he slapped me heavily on the back. "Pleased to meet you," he said. "I lived in New York City five years."

I said I was pleased to meet him; this had happened in too many places for me to be surprised any more by people who had lived in New York. I just hoped he hadn't lived in Brooklyn. We shook hands and he sat down beside me. I couldn't see his face very well. "I worked three years in Sherman's Cafeteria," he said. "You ever eat in Sherman's Cafeteria? It's in the Bronx."

I said I hadn't and he shook his head.

"A fine place," he said. "I worked busboy, salad man, counterman, everything. Then I come back here with a little money and before I know it the war breaks out. What do you think of that?"

I said it was a shame. I asked if anyone else in the crew had been to America. He said he was the only one, and added that the crew wasn't too happy about this job of transporting us. "It's

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a whole wasted night," he said. "We coulda been rubbing out one of those German ships."

I said that one night shouldn't make too much difference. "You don't know these guys," he said. "One night without chasing these Fascist bastards is like a whole year to you and me. That's all they think about." He stood up and slapped me on the back again. "Well, I got to go work," he said. "You sure there ain't nothing I can do for you? You hungry? You want something to eat?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"Well, just lemme know," he said. "Anything at all." He went off toward the stern and I settled down to watch the water.

It was getting cold. I pulled the hood of my parka over my head. Then I saw a light. It was directly ahead. It went out in a few seconds, then went on again. George and Peter were also watching, but the men at the machine guns didn't seem particularly interested. George said to me, "It's our signal." The light blinked on twice again and then our motor stopped; everything was suddenly quiet and we drifted noiselessly forward. There was only the light blinking at first, and then gradually the shore came into view. It seemed all cliff, rising straight out of the sea, but I noticed that the boat was headed for some large rocks sticking out of the water, and then I saw a tiny stretch of beach there. The crew were uncoiling ropes. Peter stood up and went back to see if everyone was ready. George and I also stood up and helped each other with the straps of our rucksacks. George had a rifle, but I had only a pistol. We stood at the bow, and as the boat slid toward shore we could see a few dark figures on the beach. The men at the machine guns were interested now. They had trained the forward guns on the beach and the other guns on the cliff. The boat moved very slowly. It nosed between two large rocks and came gently to rest in shallow water, ten yards from shore. A member of the crew leaned over the side and called softly to the figures on the beach. One of them answered. I asked George what had been said. "They are friends," George said.

The crew now began throwing ropes to the group on shore, who grabbed them and then pushed a long, wide board out from the beach until it rested on the side of the boat. "Come on," George said. The rest of our group was climbing out of the hold. Peter was up forward again, standing at the rail. "Swiftly, swiftly," he was whispering in Serbian. I mounted the rail, balanced myself, stepped onto the plank, and half walked, half slid down. George followed me. There were three men and a woman on the beach. It was too dark to see what any of them looked like. George and I stood there, not knowing what to do, and then Peter came ashore. He spoke briefly to the people who had been waiting for us and started up the cliff. "Come on," George said again. He started after Peter and I followed him.

THERE was a steep path up the cliff. I looked back and saw the rest of our group sliding down the plank and following us. It was very dark and quiet, the boat a shifting black mass on the water. Halfway up the cliff we began to pass more dark figures, seated on rocks along the path. I figured they must be part of our bodyguard. They watched us as we passed but didn't say anything. Peter stopped once to look back at our group, then went on. His pace wasn't fast, but it was steady and tiring. No one spoke. Finally, Peter got to the top of the cliff and stopped. A group of men was waiting there, and Peter talked with them. George and I tried to see what was ahead, but it was too dark. The other side of the cliff was a gentle slope, apparently heading down into a broad valley. Far to our left a light was going on and off at regular intervals. "That is a German garrison," George said. I asked how far it was. He shrugged. "Five miles, maybe six," he said. While we stood there, a Partisan leading a couple of mules came over the brow of the cliff and started down toward the boat. George spoke to him. "He says it's five miles," George said to me. "But if you take the short cut, it is only four and a half."

We all stayed there a few minutes

"Got any immediate plans?"

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longer; then Peter started off again. It was much pleasanter going downhill. We passed other men, standing by the side of the path, leaning on rifles. Once a flare shot into the air some distance to the right, lighting up the sky. No one paid any attention. "These Fascists get frightened at night," George said. "Whenever they hear the wind whistle, they shoot off a flare." The path was wider on the slope, so we were able to walk two abreast. It wound down through a pasture, past a burned farmhouse, and ended at a wide dirt road. There were men standing here. They watched us silently as we passed. It was no longer possible to see the light of the German garrison, and I wondered if we were heading toward it or away from it. We passed other farmhouses by the side of the road, gleaming white in the dark. They seemed all right until you came close and saw they had no roofs. We must have been walking an hour when Peter stopped. George immediately sat down. "We rest here," he said.

I lay down beside George, putting my head on the blanket I had tied around the outside of my rucksack. The others were stretched out all the way down the road. Peter disappeared, but he returned in a few minutes with a canteen of water, which he offered to me. I drank a little and passed it to George, who drank and then passed it down the line. It was very restful just to lie there on the grass in the cool night, and I closed my eyes. In a moment, George was shaking me and saying, "Come on, come on." Everyone else was on his feet. I got up. George asked, "How is your pack?" I said it was fine. Peter came over and spoke to George, who told me, "He says you should give your pack to one of the mules carrying literature for the congress." I thanked him and said I could carry my own pack. "You're sure it is not too heavy?" George asked. They were both very concerned. I said it wasn't too heavy. They looked at me and then Peter laughed and slapped me on the back, nearly knocking me into a ditch. He turned and began walking again.

WE walked slower this time. Occasionally someone ran up from the rear of the column to speak to Peter and then ran back again. We didn't pass any more of our bodyguard on the road, but once someone came out of the darkness to our right and walked with Peter for a while, then disappeared into the night. And once we all stopped and just stood still for almost ten minutes, no one talking or even breathing loudly. Then we moved forward again quietly. In a little while we came to a crossroads. It had evidently been reconnoitered before we were allowed to pass. We crossed quickly. The night was very black, but there was a desolation in the countryside that you could feel through the blackness. The hollow, burned-out houses gaped at us; several times I saw ruins in which only a chimney was still standing. Once we passed a dark mass of hill and George said, "There was a battle here two years ago." The road was flat and sandy. All I could hear as we marched was a

WARNING TO RUSSIANS

The Russian Government has resumed plans for construction of the Palace of the Soviets, which is intended to be the "tallest edifice in the world."—*The Times.*

Come, Comrades, turn your minds away
From schemes so enterprising
Or you will rue the bitter day
That saw those girders rising.

Lest from its hard-won pedestal
The Revolution crumble,
Take care. Design a meeker hall,
Some pleasure dome more humble.

For look—you build for all you're worth
The highest edifice on earth.
So what? You've got the biggest building,
Complete with mural and with gilding.
You kiss its cornerstone and date it,
In speech and song you celebrate it,
Take tourists through (admiring, cynical),
Nickname it, spit from off its pinnacle,
Walk up its stairways, breathing hard,
And limn it on the postal card.

O.K. Tuned, then, to concert pitch,
You'll catch the urge, you'll get the itch,
And, wishing on a crimson star,
You'll make the fastest motor car,
The longest bridge, the fleetest train,
The highest-soaring aeroplane,
The vastest tunnel, statue, ship.
All caution spent, you'll let 'er rip
Till through your borders loud will ring
The tumult of the Super-Thing.

You'll boast the World's Divinest Leg,
The Earliest Peach, the Freshest Egg,
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Hog Caller, Skater, Flagpole Sitter,
The most inveterate gawks and gapers,
The blackest headlines on your papers,
The funniest laws, the biggest debt.
Beware, beware, O Soviet!
Or finish, sure as sure can be,
With something called Democracy,

While every chap from shore to shore
Industriously labors
Upon some private project more
Expansive than his neighbor's.

Tovarisch, stay your hand. Be wise,
And in this fateful hour
Scale down to less redundant size
Your Communistic tower.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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"Guess what, Herbert! I've just found out that I danced with General Eisenhower thirty years ago!"

• •

shuffle of feet like running water. Peter kept a steady pace, slower than the American Army step. My pack was getting heavy and the straps were cutting into my shoulders. I forgot about the German garrison. I forgot about everything except putting one foot in front of the other. We stopped again for water at a well beside a smashed house. George and I both fell asleep and Peter had to wake us up. I noticed then that the night was fading. Ahead of us, as we resumed our march, the sky was changing from black to gray. I watched it as we walked, and the gray turned to light blue and then to pink. The countryside was developing, first flatly and then in relief, the trees coming into focus and the mountains sharp in the distance. "This is Dalmatia," George said.

The sun came up as we were walking in a valley. Across the valley was a little village, the houses small and red-roofed. "It is good country for strafing," George said. I looked around and up at the sky, but there were no planes. The others were also looking. They straggled along, not keeping formation. George shook his head angrily. "They should march like soldiers," he said. I said they fought like soldiers. "They should march like soldiers," he repeated. "We are a state now, not just a group of Partisans. They should march like the army of a state." They seemed to march all right to me, but I didn't say anything more about it.

Now there was a village ahead of us, on the side of a hill. Peter cut off the road and led us across a field to a grove of pine trees at the base of the hill. The group spread out. George said to me, "We will rest here until the sun goes down." He and I walked to one of the trees and unslung our rucksacks. I sat down and started to take off my boots. "You had better keep them on," George said. "We may have to leave here very quickly." I thought about that for a minute and decided to take them off anyway. I untied my blanket and spread it on the ground. George had taken a piece of bread from his sack and was eating it. I didn't feel very hungry, so I just rolled up in the blanket and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the sun was directly overhead. George was wrapped in a blanket beside me, his feet sticking out the end. He had taken off his shoes. Most of the others were lying down, too, but a few were sitting up and talking or walking about. I began to massage my feet. They felt tender. Peter came up and handed me a German mess tin filled with a thick soup. I tried to think of the Serbian word for "thank you" but couldn't, so I just smiled and nodded. I got a spoon out of my pocket and began eating. There was no salt in the soup, but it was hot. George woke up when I was halfway through, took his mess tin out of his rucksack, and went off to find where the food was. He didn't bother to put on his shoes. I finished my soup and began rubbing my feet again. George returned with another of the delegates, a dark, bushy-haired young man who had been well known in Dalmatia as a poet before the war. I had asked the other Partisans if he was a good poet and they

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had said yes but that he was sometimes too preoccupied with art. He had fought with the Partisans for three years, however, and everyone liked and respected him.

The two of them sat down. George said the soup had come from the People's Committee of the village. Most Yugoslav villages elected such a committee to care for any Partisan units passing through. This one was in German-controlled territory, but that didn't make any difference. George apologized for the inadequacy of the meal and said that there simply wasn't much to eat. The poet said that this meal probably meant that the villagers would go hungry for a few days. He didn't speak English, but he spoke French, which I could handle more or less. He said this village was the present headquarters of the Partisan detachment that had met us at the beach. The detachment never stayed long at any one headquarters; it had been here more than a week and expected a German attack any day. "From now on we will travel by ourselves," George said. "We will be our own protection." The poet had a German machine pistol slung over one shoulder. He took it off and caressed it.

"Peter says we will leave earlier than sundown," George said. "We have to walk all night and cross a road."

I didn't like the way he threw in that road crossing and asked him what kind of road it was.

"Oh, a main road," he said.

"There will be a battle," the poet said cheerfully.

"It isn't so bad," George said. "I have crossed it before. It is only that we must cross between two German-Chetnik garrisons and sometimes there is a little trouble."

I asked how many men were in a garrison. George said, "Oh, perhaps a hundred." I didn't press him for any more details and he didn't offer any.

The three of us spent the rest of the afternoon washing our feet in a nearby brook and lying in the sun and talking. Two other delegates, a young man named Živko, who was the Partisans' official photographer for the trip, and a pretty girl named Ranka, who was the secretary of the congress, came over and sat with us. They asked a lot of questions about America. They wanted to know how far our free education went, whether there were still beggars, what the installment plan was, why we had supported Mikhailovitch, and what had happened to Laurel and Hardy. They were still asking questions and the sun was almost down when the word went around to get ready. George and I rolled up our blankets and helped each other put on our rucksacks. We fell into line toward the rear of the column, behind Živko and the poet. Peter checked the line to make sure everyone was there. When he came to me, he touched my pack and raised his eyebrows. I told George to tell him the pack was nice and light. The poet came over and said I should let the mules carry my stuff. I got a little sore and said I could carry my own pack. George translated this for Peter, who roared with laughter and clouted me on the back again. Then he went to the head of the column and made a short speech about the necessity for maintaining liaison. He divided the party into groups of ten and appointed a leader to take charge of each group in case we ran into any fighting. Then we started off along the dirt road again, heading northeast.

THERE was enough of a chill in the air so that walking felt good. The Partisans began to sing. Their songs were much like the Russian songs, simple and immediate, and they sang them beautifully. There was a tenor in the group who went for all the high notes and never reached them, but otherwise it was beautiful. I knew some of the tunes and a few of the words and I sang as much as I could. When there was a lull, I started to sing some American songs. I sang "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Yankee Doodle" and "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad" and "Buckle Down, Winsocki" and everything else I could think of. I even sang "America, the Beautiful," which I hadn't sung since P. S. 161. The one they liked best was "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," and I taught it to them as we marched, singing a line and then speaking it slowly and then having George translate it so they would know what they were singing. It worked fine, and before long we were singing Partisan songs and "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad" and then some more Partisan songs and then "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad" again.

We finally left the dirt road and cut across country. It was getting dark fast. We headed for a row of hills and picked up another dirt road after a while, stayed on that for an hour, and then went off it onto a narrow trail. The trail mounted into the hills in a long, slow climb, full of false crests. The night was moonless again, and colder than the last one. When we stopped for a break, my damp, sweaty under-

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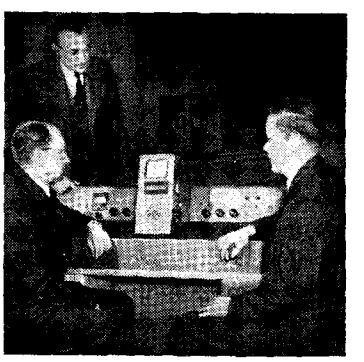

Dr. V. K. Zworykin (seated at left), Associate Research Director of RCA Laboratories, with Perry Smith (standing) and Dr. James Hillier at a portable type desk model of the RCA Electron Microscope—the new tool for modern science and industry.

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I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
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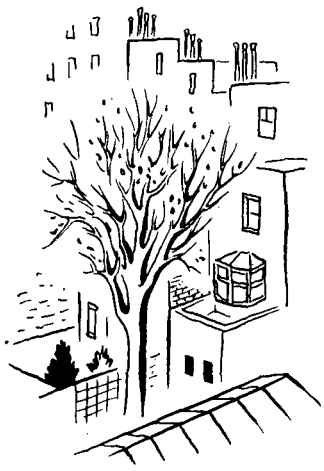
clothes felt like ice against my skin. Once we stopped for water out of a mountain stream, and it was so cold that my teeth chattered after I had drunk. When we began walking again, I sang "Jingle Bells" and they liked it so much I had to teach them that.

When we got to the top of the trail, we saw flares hanging in the sky ahead of us. There were six of them, directly across our path. "They must know we're coming," George said softly. "There will be a battle," the poet whispered. We stood on the top of the hill for a minute, then started down, straight toward the flares. "They are from the garrisons on the road," George said. The flares died out, streaming sadly to the ground. A machine gun rattled suddenly in the distance. "They get nervous at night," George said. No one stopped or walked any faster, but a few men shifted their guns to a handier position. I took out my pistol and made sure that it was loaded. It wouldn't be much good, but it made me feel better. It was quite dark now. A dog began to bark far away, fiercely. I heard what I thought was a waterfall; then I realized that it was only our feet on the pebbly trail. The sound of water became real and we crossed a log bridge over a little stream. Živko, the photographer, turned around and whispered something to George. "Živko says he was ambushed here once," George said. Živko said something else and George said, "But it was long ago, at the beginning of the war, and he was with only two other men. He says it is much harder to ambush fifty."



More flares rose ahead of us, one after another, until there were again six, hanging as if pinned to the sky. They were directly across our path and closer than the others. We kept on walking. The flares died out. Some of the men were now carrying their guns in their hands. "The garrisons are one kilometre apart," George said. More flares went up and his face appeared briefly out of the darkness. A machine gun started to our right, sharply, without the muffler of distance. I looked toward the sound but couldn't see anything. The dog stopped barking, then started again. "That goddam dog," I said. I could see the dim figures of our group ahead of me, looking about as they walked, and Peter in front, keeping the same deliberate pace. The trail wound through some trees, but the yellow light of the flares sifted through and picked us out. Then Peter halted. There was no sound except the dog barking. Then that stopped. Peter talked quietly to the men at the head of the line, who listened, nodding. Then he walked down the line, peering through the darkness at each man. He picked out fourteen delegates and six of the soldiers who were being reassigned, and they went into a huddle. The rest of us stood by silently, except Živko and the poet, who sat down, leaning against each other's back. I began to get cold and walked around, waving my arms. Peter spoke to the twenty men for several minutes. Two more sets of flares went up. When Peter finished, the men nodded and went off down the trail toward the flares. Peter walked along the line, spoke to George, and moved on to speak to someone else. George sat down against a tree and said to me, "We can rest for a while. Nothing will happen for some time." I sat down. The poet was now lying on the ground, seemingly asleep. "They are going to create a disturbance," George said. "Ten men to each garrison. In the middle of the disturbance, we will slip across the road." He stopped and listened. "There is really nothing to worry about," he said. "The Fascists will think it is an army."

I don't know how long we sat there. I think I fell asleep. Suddenly there was the crackling of rifle fire, very close. Peter ran along the line, shouting something I couldn't understand. Everyone jumped up and Peter led us quickly down the path. A flare went up, and then another, but no more. His pace was swift now. The rifle fire was on all sides, and was soon joined by machine pistols and machine guns. Tracers were flying above us, arching in the darkness. The sky was full of them. I ran in a crouch, head down, eyes on the heels of George, who was in front of me. The rucksack bounced on my back. The pistol banged heavily against my thigh and I reached down and took it out of the holster and held it in my hand. The red and orange tracers curved prettily over our heads, not close but looking close, as though you could

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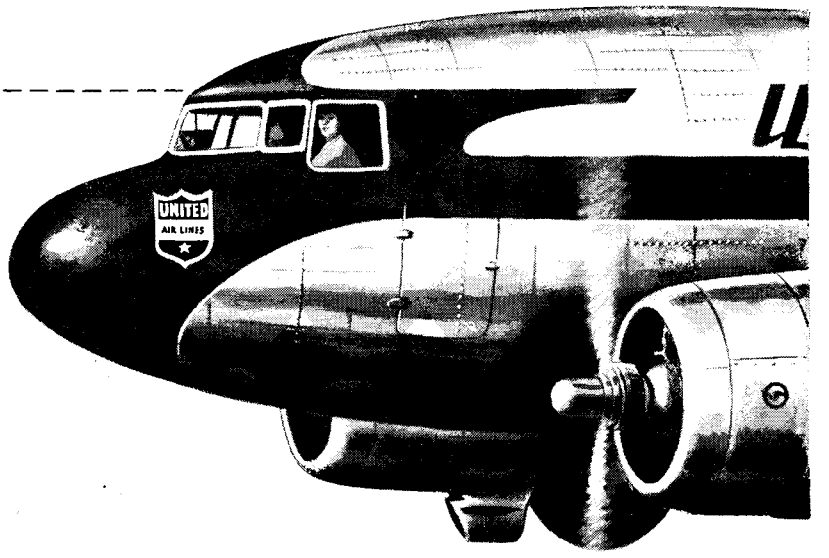
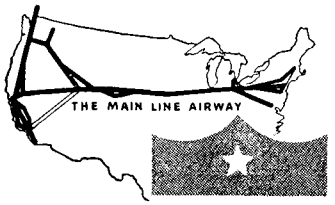


by UNITED . . . 5½ hours



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LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

reach up and catch them. The trail was full of rocks. I tripped once and went down and someone gave me a hand up. Everything was dark and blurry with movement. My feet hit the hard, familiar asphalt of a road and there was Peter standing in the middle of it, calling "Swiftly, swiftly!" Someone was down the road, shouting, but I couldn't hear what he said; there was too much noise. I was across the road, running upward on pebbles, then walking quickly and then less quickly and finally normally, the pistol still in my hand and the rucksack quiet on my back and only my breath coming hard and painfully. The shooting was still heavy behind us. We mounted another hill and went over the crest, shutting out the noise.

There were no more flares. We continued at our old pace. I replaced the pistol in its holster and rearranged the rucksack. George was still ahead of me. I asked him if he thought anyone had been hurt. "I don't think so," he said. "That was a good disturbance." Peter came up from behind and went to the head of the line. He smiled at me, his teeth shining in the dark. The trail was on level ground now and after a while my breath came regularly again. Two of the nurses were behind me, whispering and giggling. I looked for Živko and the poet and thought I saw them ahead of George. Gradually, even the memory of the road-crossing slipped away and my mind settled into the rut of marching. The trail broadened and went up and down a few more hills. Mountains began to appear as the night thinned out. We would have to cross them to get where we were going.

It was light when Peter led us off the trail into another grove of pines. George said, "We will stay here for a while." He and I picked a tree and dumped our stuff beside it. I laid out my blanket, but I didn't feel sleepy. I lay there, watching the sky lighten, not thinking much. After a while I fell asleep. I awoke sometime in the early afternoon. The men who had disturbed the garrisons had returned—all of them. One was wounded slightly in the arm. They had brought back six German rifles.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From the New Yorker*]

Few Frenchmen now believe that the Marshal himself will ever be hailed into court.

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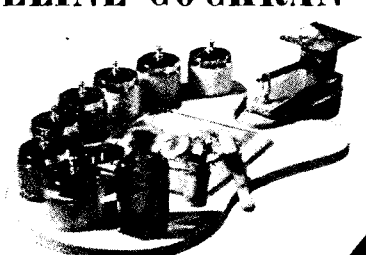

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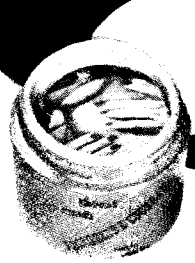

Paul Laird

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love Story

THERE are a good many oddities about "I'll Be Seeing You," a rather lengthy operation featuring Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple, who is, of course, quite a big girl now. Miss Rogers plays the part of a young woman called Mary Marshall, who is doing a six-year stretch in the state prison (don't ask me what state) for manslaughter. It seems that she was employed by one of those middle-aged businessmen with whom no girl can quite afford to take it easy, and in the course of an evening of revelry found it necessary to push him out of a window on the fourteenth floor of his fashionable apartment, damaging him beyond repair, as you might imagine. The circumstances were such —he was drunk and Miss Rogers was merely defending her honor—that I should have thought that any competent attorney could have got her off with a small fine, but things just didn't work out that way. She got the six years, somewhat mitigated, however, by the fact that right in the middle of them they let her out for three weeks to go home to visit her family, without any visible faculty supervision. This family was quite a bunch, consisting of Aunt Mary (Spring Byington), Uncle Henry (Tom Tully), and their daughter Barbara (Miss Temple), and if I had been Miss Rogers, I think I would probably have preferred to remain in the jug. They meant well, I'm sure, but they were obviously a little inexperienced socially, and there is hardly a time when the heroine is left alone with one of them that penal servitude doesn't creep into the conversation one way or another.

Joseph Cotten, as Zachary Morgan, a sergeant (it seems to be a convention in Hollywood that heroes don't hold commissions), is on a furlough from an Army hospital where he has been under treatment as a neuropsychiatric, which I take to mean a man who has been shell-shocked. He and Miss Rogers have approximately the same problems, since he, too, is continually harassed by well-meaning people who want to talk about the war, and a strong attachment between them is practically inevitable. Anyway, Miss Rogers and Mr. Cotten fall in love, to the accompaniment of the usual misunderstandings and embarrassments, and in the end retire to their separate institutions, with the clear implication that they will shortly be reunited forever. Whether or not this mating of two people who have been so violently conditioned emotionally would be a good thing, I'd rather leave to the psychiatrists. Miss Temple, as far as I can see, is in the picture solely for the purpose of informing the sergeant that his fiancée has been in jail. It seems a meagre assignment for one of America's erstwhile sweethearts.

"CES DAMES AUX CHAPEAUX VERTS," a French picture with English subtitles, was visited by my indispensable colleague, who found it "disarming, gently humorous, and so charmingly photographed and acted that it made me quite homesick for provincial France, where, as it happens, I've never been. The story is something about a lovely young Parisian who comes to live in the country with her four middle-aged cousins, who always wear identical hats, as in the title. There are two romances, both held in a nice low key, and probably not much else. However, I thought it was delightful, though undoubtedly a little special. The titles are much better than they usually are in this sort of thing. Once one of the girls is found sitting at the bottom of a staircase, surrounded by broken china, and her majestic sister just says, 'You seem to have a mania for slipping.' It struck me as a very detached remark, under the circumstances."

"EARL CARROLL VANITIES," with Constance Moore, Otto Kruger, and Dennis O'Keefe, contains a song-and-dance sequence called "Rockabye Boogie," in which a baby gets out of its cradle, puts on a zoot suit, and dances violently to Woody Herman's music. Had enough? —W. G.

•

Dr. Hyslop's explanation of double consciousness is perhaps the best; for, to put it simply, . . . we may say he regards it as due to a supposed inhibition of the amoeboid movements in the pseudopodic protoplasmic prolongations of the neurospongium!—*From "The Force of Mind," by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D.*

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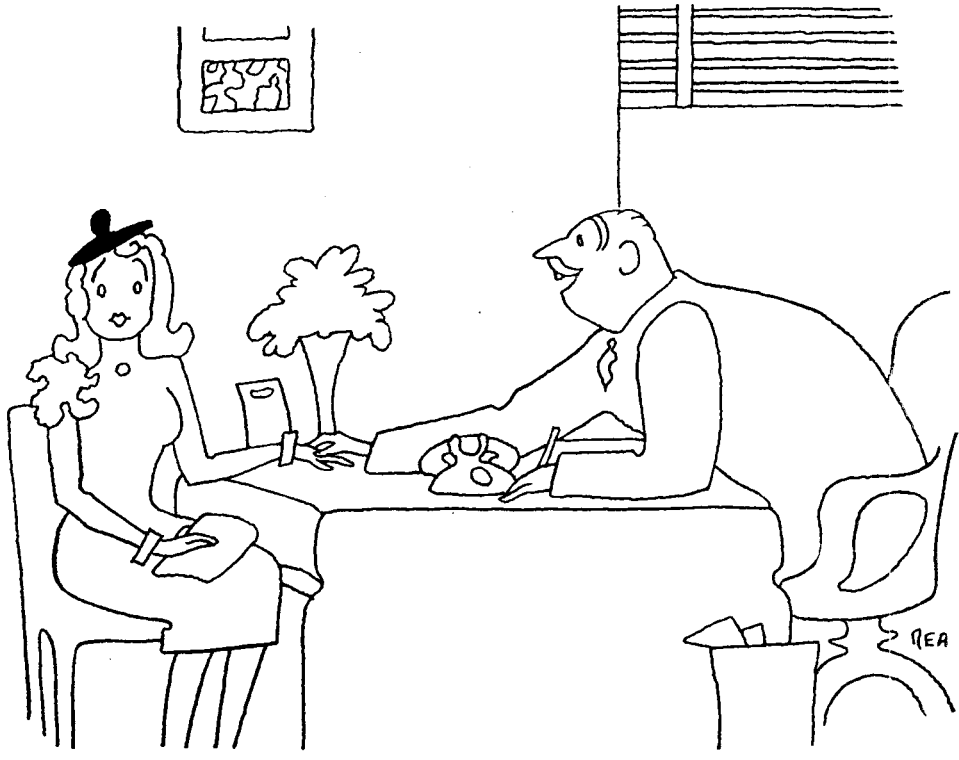
LETTER FROM FRANCE

THE ROYAN FRONT, APRIL 4
(BY WIRELESS)

WHILE the great war draws to its great end across the Rhine, a hundred thousand of what the future ex-Nazis will be certain to glorify as technically undefeated Germans are quietly ensconced in France. Germany lost the last war with a technically undefeated army and never let the world forget it, even after she started this war. These new undefeated Germans have already served valuable purposes, and peace will not easily undo what they have accomplished. They have been part of the oddest war tableau in all Europe. Through last year's wet autumn, the chill winter, and now into the almond-flowering spring, the French have been waging a quaint sort of *guerre de châteaux* against the enemies still in residence in this pretty coastal countryside in southwest France. The Royan front is a very minor military backwash of the ruinous, explosive battle of Europe, and it has now been active for seven months, whenever there has been enough ammunition to shoot off over the red-soiled brandy vineyards and the perpetually pale-green salt marshes that make up this peaceful-looking landscape. There are five *poches*, or pockets, all still full of Germans, spotting liberated France's Atlantic coastline. The first, and topmost one on the map, is at Dunkerque. Pocket No. 2 is at Lorient, in Brittany; No. 3 at St. Nazaire, in the Loire-Inférieure; No. 4 at La Rochelle, in the Charente-Inférieure; No. 5 also in the Charente-Inférieure. This last is the Royan pocket, split in the middle by the Gironde River, which runs through it like a broad seam. In peacetime the little town of Royan is synonymous with fresh sardines, which were called *Royans grillés* on restaurant menus. Royan, or whatever is left of it now after its half year of constant Nazi occupation and intermittent French shelling, is halfway between the northern and southern limits of the pocket which bears its name. Pocket No. 5 ends just below the French-held oyster town of Marennes, also a famous place name for gourmet stomachs.

This writer has been visiting a thirty-five-kilometre sector of the Royan front —the northernmost French advance post is in the oyster beds of Marennes —under the guidance of Commandant Max Célérier. He is a handsome, voluble, elegant figure of a Gascon, a career officer in the Chasseurs Alpins, a participant in both World Wars, including this one's mad invasion of Narvik, and, after the German occupation of the Vichy territory, in which he lived, the head of a guerrilla band called the Armagnac Maquis. The Commandant is a landowner born and bred, with a *propriété* named Laugareil, at Lavardac, in the Lot-et-Garonne countryside, where armagnac, not cognac, is considered the proper brandy to drink. The fact that his *détachement de l'Armée de l'Atlantique* uses as its behind-the-lines headquarters the town of Cognac, where the best of the rival spirit is distilled, has only increased his loyalty to armagnac. In 1943, the Armagnac Maquis had fifteen hundred men, drawn from the neighboring departments of Lot, Corrèze, Gers, and the Dordogne, who had rallied round a certain Gascony village priest, now their regimental chaplain. The priest had been among the first to receive arms by parachute from the R.A.F. By June, 1944, the roaming Armagnacs, then three thousand strong, were numerous enough to bring off delaying actions—blowing up bridges, sniping, heckling generally, and in particular holding up for fifteen days, at Toulouse, Das Reich Panzer Division, which consequently arrived late to meet the Normandy invaders.

By September, the Commandant said as we drove through his territory, the Armagnacs, incorporated in the Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur, had helped roll up the leftover local Germans into what became the Royan pocket. If they had had tanks, they would have rolled the Nazis back into the sea and literally drowned them. Liberation was prospering at last, and they were fierce, avenging men. Many had become guerrillas to avoid deportation into slave labor in Germany, others merely to keep in intimate, dangerous touch with French liberty. The parents of many of them, and their wives and children, had paid for all this, as hostages or worse. The Commandant's sixteen-year-old son had been tortured. All the Armagnac men had some *histoire de famille* to revenge. But in September the Germans had turned the great guns, installed as part of their coastal defense against Allied invasion, inward and landward against the Armagnacs, who had only Bren guns, shotguns they had used in peace to shoot rabbits with, and their bare fists. So the Nazis were able to surround themselves with three-deep concrete defenses and could sow the sea behind them and the fields before them with mines. Each side then settled down into his own precinct of war, the Nazis with their backs to the ocean and the Armagnacs, together with other Maquisards, in a semicircle facing them —both sides watching, neither side ever firing very much, since, in a sense, both



"Now, Miss Inness, about your not being so good at shorthand, suppose you let me be the judge of that?"

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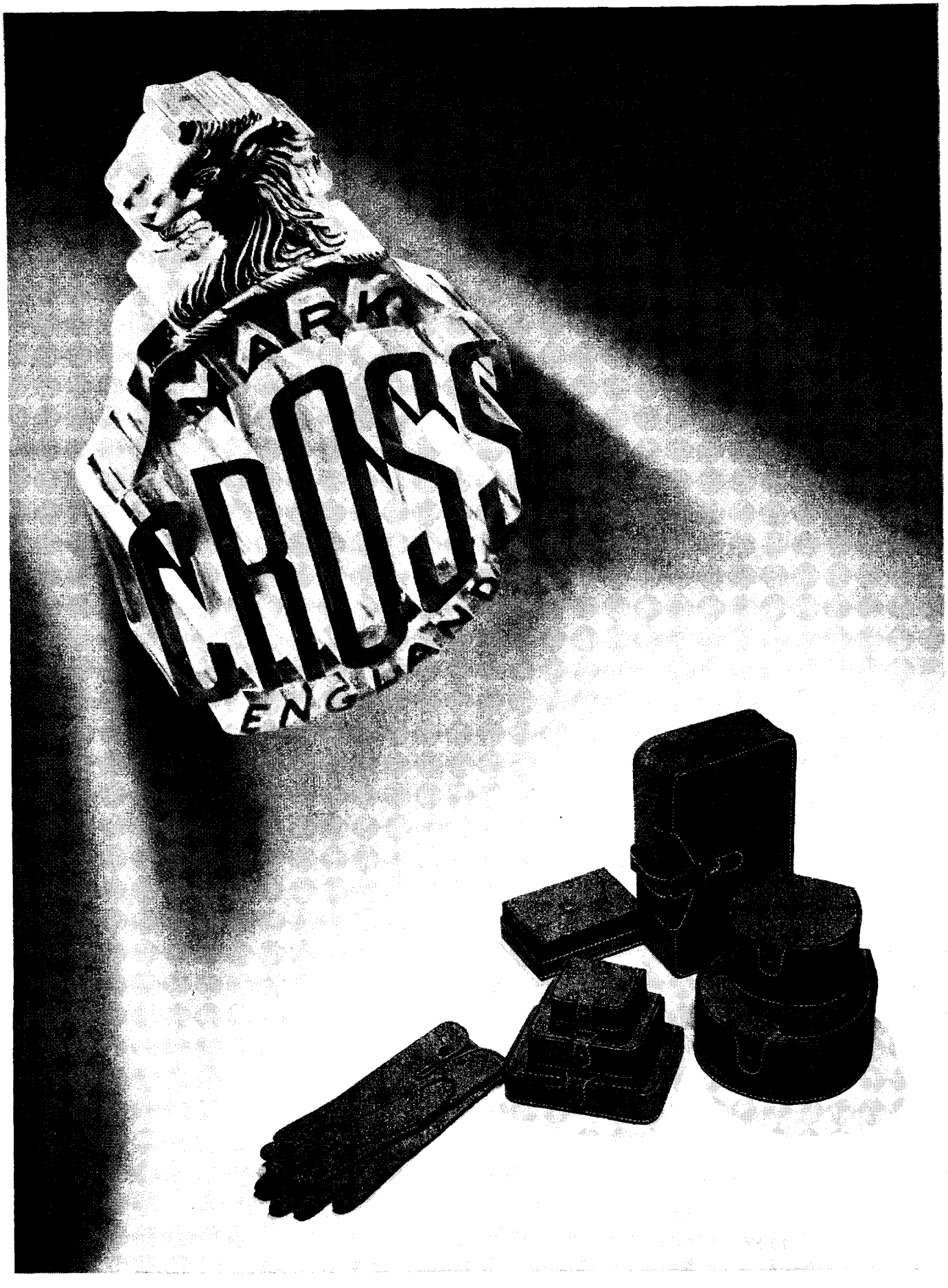

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LISTEN: APRIL 14, 1945

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★

And speaking of the conference, mark down the hour between 10 and 11 p.m. EWT on Tuesday, April 24. For in that hour you'll hear the voices of those who have a stake in the future, picked up by Columbia's microphones from all points of the compass: a G.I. from Germany; a woman from a New Hampshire kitchen; the voice of a painter named Thomas Benton, a writer named Thomas Mann, an actor named Paul Robeson—all crowding into a notable documentary by Norman Corwin on the eve of San Francisco.

★

The Land Is Bright, Columbia's affectionate almanac of American life, recently told the story of growing old in America. A 79-year-old listener in Bloomfield, N. J. wrote: "I was never so affected by a book, play, story or sermon ...that presented such a grand lesson or inspired me to take some action for a good cause... After consulting with my son who has been providing for me during the past 10 years... as well as my doctor... I am contemplating making application for a war job."

★

Just before going on the air, Marine Captain W. S. LeFrancois, one of the Carlson Raiders who helped wipe out the Jap garrison on Makin Island, was in a CBS studio reading a broadcast script describing his experiences. He was intent about it, but finally couldn't restrain himself. "Gee," he said, "this is sort of exciting!"

★

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had been cast off by the armies of their lands and bullets were luxuries hard to come by. And so they had sat for seven months, the Commandant said, as we drove at dangerous speed through the winding vineyards and along the country roads of his pleasant battlefield.

THE Commandant made this military summary on a fine, sunny, tepid spring morning. When we drove up to one of the many yellow-plaster farmhouses in which his army lives, scattered over the land, the men in it lined up stiffly to salute him. His Armagnacs are of all ages—young Dordogne farmers who look like adolescents, forty-year-old vineyard laborers who look like old men from weather and work. No two were dressed alike, but all were dressed poorly. Some had gone through the winter in sabots but no stockings; now they all wore canvas espadrilles, which soaked up the moisture from the thawing soil. That day we walked up to the line, a hawthorne hedge in bloom. Before the hedge was a mound of earth that made a roof for a cave scooped out of the ground and called a *gourbi*, an Arab word for "hut" that has become French foxhole slang. Inside it, two young Armagnacs were asleep on straw-covered wooden bunks; outside, two were on duty beside a machine gun. They had just buttoned on some newly arrived, long-awaited uniforms to fight in the spring warmth—a copy, in coarse French khaki wool, of British winter battle dress, plus felt-lined boots, Tommy tin helmets, and G.I. woollen shirts. They had lived all winter in their *gourbi*, in a foot and a half of water, with cotton clothes, chilblains, and chest colds. The enemy was two big meadows and two thick hedges distant.

A good deal of landscape figures in the Royan front—vineyards, parks with Renaissance châteaux, flat, unfertile marshes, and occasional, sudden, mammary, bare hills. We climbed up one to inspect its great watch tower, a lonely twelfth-century relic of the baronial wars. Below us stretched for miles the reedy, still neat rectangles of long-disused salt fields. Up the tower grows an ancient ivy vine so famous for the girth of its stem—one metre—that the local guidebooks give it a small notation. As we went up a rough ladder to the top of the tower, an Armagnac with binoculars leaned out to peer at us and salute us in midair. Behind us, over the salt marshes, a cannon boomed four times. It was one of the Armagnacs' 105s, shooting its morning rounds.

The most active and intimate bit in the Royan pocket is at Marennes, where the Nazis live out in the bay, on the Ile d'Oléron, and the war consists of the two sides' spotting each other with field glasses, then pot-shooting. When we arrived at Marennes, the Armagnacs were at their midday meal—soup, meat, salad, and cheese (they are sick of oysters). The men were squeezed into a pillbox camouflaged with sea moss on the outside and artfully lined with oyster shells on the inside. A Soviet flag hung on one wall; Commandant Célérier elegantly ignored it. A lieutenant, a dark, short man with a strong southern French accent, presented us with three baskets of fine, fat, fresh oysters, along with a note which said "*Offerts en hommage à nos alliés américains.*" Far down the bay a daily supply boat from the Nazi-held portion of the mainland plies on an orderly schedule to the Ile d'Oléron to supply the Germans there. The Armagnacs haven't anything strong enough to send out to stop it. That's the Royan front in a nutshell—a containing war for the ill-equipped French, who don't dare try to drive the enemy out and must have their victory in merely holding him in.

WHAT each side has or hasn't in the way of supplies is now known perfectly to both. According to Commandant Célérier, the setup is somewhat as follows: The Germans have powerful artillery and anti-aircraft guns, nearly no tanks, some armored trucks, practically no aviation, and close to no gasoline. A couple of German generals have lately been making their inspection tours on stolen French bicycles. Every Wednesday night a Nazi plane arrives from Germany with letters for the boys and repair parts for whatever is broken. Lemons come in by boat from France Spain for the Nazis to eat with their oysters, which maddens the French, who haven't seen one for four years. However, lately, seeing the way the war is going, the Spaniards have been refusing to give the Nazis credit. The Germans pay, with furniture, clothes, sew-

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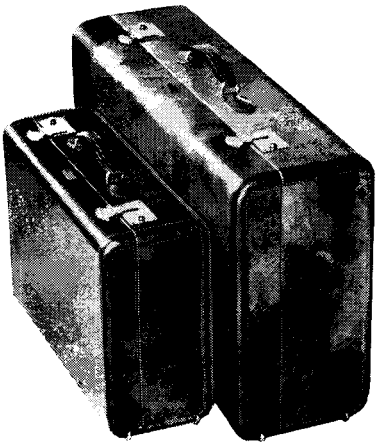
ing machines, and clocks looted from the wretched fifty thousand French civilians who live in the pocket under Nazi rule.

The war, for the Germans, is now largely a food raid; they must break out occasionally to see what they can find in the fields and barns. To counteract this, General Edgar de Larminat, commander-in-chief of the forces hemming in all five of the Atlantic Front pockets, has ordered a starvation belt set up around them, and the peasants have been forced to withdraw for some miles, taking all their goods with them. Deep inland from Royan, you see whole meadows of evacuated cows. The Charente butter churned in the village of Marans, on the La Rochelle front, is famous. Recently the Germans demonstrated the tactics of their grocery-shop war by raiding the butter supplies there. They were driven off by a French regiment from Cognac. On the German-held island of Groix, off the Lorient pocket, food prices are crazy; cats to eat sell at one English pound a pound, a pound of bread is three pounds ten. Around Royan, the few French Maquisards who have been captured and have escaped say that they were forced to work on the Nazis' ceaseless fortification projects. Their hours were only from 9 A.M. to noon and from 2 to 4 P.M., but even so they kept dropping from sheer starvation. On the other hand, the Armagnac men are well fed and pay cash to the farmers for supplies; while they were still just a Maquis group, big money was given them by patriots. One bank gave them a million francs. This winter they captured a couple of Nazi officers with four million francs on them. On one of them was also a letter to his wife in Berlin, telling her to avoid the world's coming vengeful terror against Germans by shooting their children and herself.

Last June the Armagnacs had so little gas that they used brandy in their motor bikes. The Sixty-sixth Division of our Sixth Army Group, to the rear of the Lorient pocket, now gives them some gas. As for arms, everything is nationally all mixed up. The Armagnacs have some English guns and camions, but their infantry equipment and mortars are German, and so are their shells. The Commandant said it was *une espèce de volupté* to shoot German shells at Germans, except that often the shells, sabotaged by French workers in Germany, are duds, or even fall short of the advanced Armagnac positions. They have some French and German machine guns, Italian carbines, Austrian



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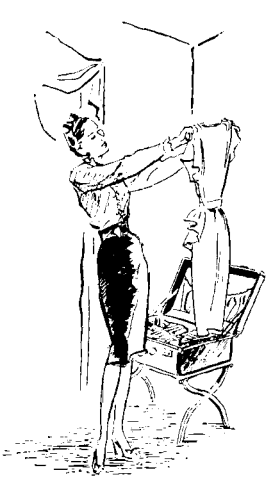

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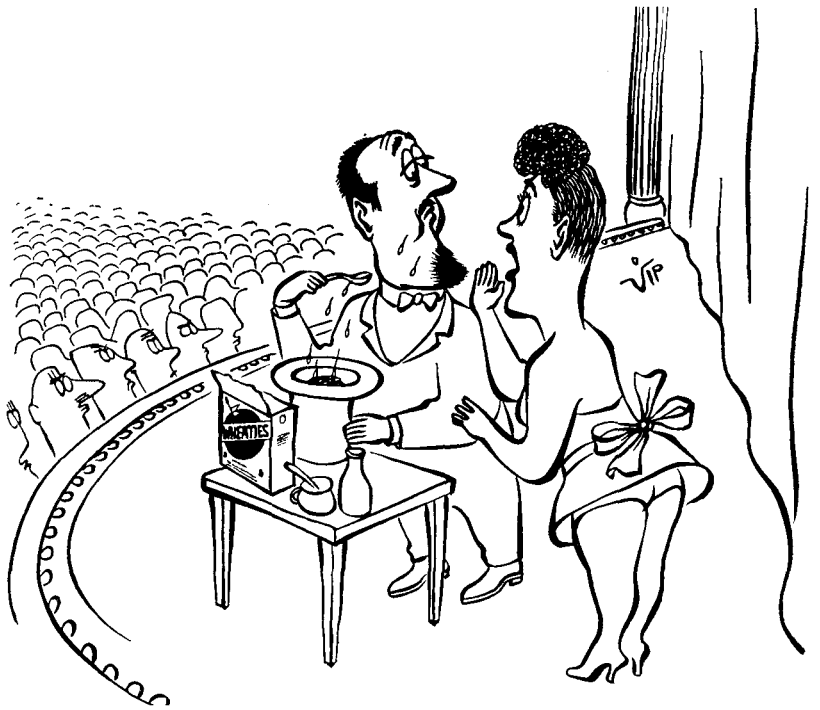

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88s, Skoda 78s, and captured and recaptured French 75s. They naturally have some nasty ammunition problems. They have a few planes, German Storchs, constructed by Renault in Paris.

About twenty per cent of the French pocket officers are regular Army men, sixty per cent reserves, and ten per cent ex-F.F.I.s. Until November, men and officers alike drew three hundred francs pay a month, but now, being attached to the French Army, they are paid like regulars. Otherwise, being part of the Army hasn't done them much good. In accordance with a pre-invasion understanding, arrived at in Algiers between General Giraud and our State Department's Robert Murphy, the Allies undertook to help France into the war by promising to equip eight French divisions. This had been done long before Thanksgiving Day of last year, when the Armagnac Maquis turned into the 158th Infantry Regiment and joined the real Army. There was nothing left for them or the other Maquisards except what the French call the fishbone left on the plate.

The Swedish Red Cross has helped the Royan French *poche* troops and civilians. For generations there have been families of Swedish cognac agents in the town of Cognac. The Armagnacs have six ambulances, a surgical hospital, a forty-six-bed infirmary, and excellent operating equipment. But they have no gauze, cotton, plasma, or iodine, and hardly any medicines. The doctors say that what they need most is soap, since the men suffer from *gale*, an itch which, the head doctor says, is an idiotic disease but keeps men out of the line. 'The Armagnacs' spirit is wonderful because they are countryside patriots fighting in their own country. Many of the officers are country nobles whose lineage is ancient and who have complicated double or triple names and titles famous for centuries in French literature and arms. With their command posts stylishly set up in châteaux, they are terminating their patriot's war against a conglomeration of Royan pocket Nazis made up of sailors, railroaders, the Gestapo, and the Wehrmacht, all under the command of the German Kriegsmarine and an Admiral Paulman who isn't even a von.

THERE are four contradictory explanations of why and how the Nazis still occupy the five pockets—five thousand square kilometres of France. Our Air Forces say that they had so thoroughly bombed German gas and motor depots by D Day that the Nazis

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were unable to move everybody out in the retreat and therefore saved only what was left of their prime Westwall and Riviera troops and abandoned their second-raters, who settled back to become pocketmen. General Eisenhower, in a recent interview, said that the Atlantic pockets were like a job a busy man kept saying he'd go back and finish up when he had time. The Armagnacs say that the pockets are the result of the Maquis' having blown every bridge on the Loire, which prevented the Nazis from pulling all their men back to the Alsatian front. There is also the Germans' explanation of the pockets, which can be deduced from the fact, scarcely accidental, that all the pockets are centered on ports. By cutting off the great and useful ports of Bordeaux (the only French harbor intact and untouched), La Pallice, Nantes, St. Nazaire, and Lorient, the second-rate Nazi pocketmen have helped to keep France hungry, idle, shamed, dissatisfied, and unreconstructive. They've prevented food from coming in and wine from going out. They've prevented French industry from lifting a hand to help the Allies. They've prevented food from being canned, rope and cotton goods from being woven, gunpowder from being manufactured, ships from being built or repaired, and fishing fleets from setting out to sea. They've even prevented the national consumption of oysters on the half shell and the gathering of salt to season the French people's food. Above all, by holding docks and warehouses that could have handled the promised and badly needed Allied relief supplies, the Nazi pocketmen, merely by sitting in their sequestered positions and hardly needing to bother to fire a shot, have contributed to that strain on Allied nerves which Berlin always thoughtfully considers an important part of war and peace. As German military failures left over from D Day, the Atlantic pockets have for seven months been highly important and successful in Nazi strategy.

The pocket idea is not new in history. This is only a repetition. On Napoleon Bonaparte's disastrous retreat from Moscow, some of his troops got pocketed in Hamburg and Danzig. They stayed there for two years.

—GENÊT

•

The top price for tonight's opening is $6, after which seats will range from $1.20 to $4.80. The curtain is announced for $8:30.—*The Herald-Tribune.*

What sort of desperation is this?

ARDENA SKIN LOTION
ELIZABETH ARDEN
First Aid for Tired Faces
VELVA CREAM MASK
Incredible pick-me-up for a fatigued face—so efficient, so quick, that you may come home from an exhausting day looking a total wreck—and in twenty minutes be transformed, ready for a gay evening. In spite of yourself you're relaxed when you use this treatment—thus:
FIRST—cleanse your face with Cleansing Cream, pat with Skin Lotion. ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 1.00, 3.00, 6.00. ARDENA SKIN LOTION, .85, 2.00, 3.75, 9.00, 15.00
SECOND—apply a thin film of Velva Cream Mask. Relax for fifteen minutes. Don't talk, don't even smile. ARDENA VELVA CREAM MASK. Large jar, 5.00. Smaller jar, 2.00
THIRD—remove dried mask with wet cotton pads. Smooth on Orange Skin Cream, remove and pat with Skin Lotion, apply make-up. ARDENA ORANGE SKIN CREAM, 1.00, 1.75, 2.75, 4.25, 8.00 (prices plus taxes)
You're transformed . . . you're lovely!
Elizabeth Arden

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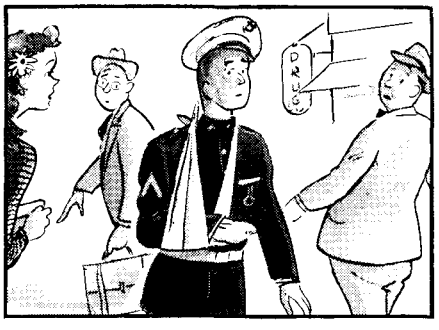
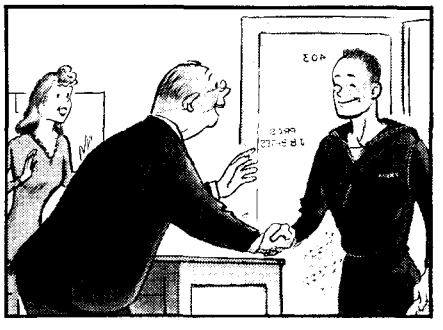
What does he want to come home to?

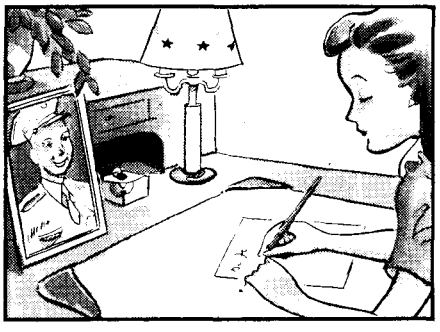
1 We're not experts in human relations. But from the best counsel offered by military medical experts on returned servicemen, and from talking to a few, it seems to us that what your man wants most is to be treated like a normal human being. For instance:



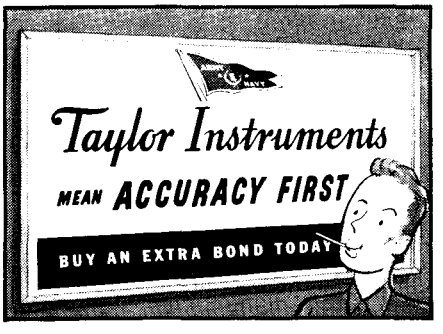
2 He doesn't want to be stared at... any more than you do. He may want to talk about his war experiences. Or he may not. But if he's like most of the boys we've talked to, he wants nothing so much as to get back to normal living, as if he'd never left home!



3 He wants a job... not charity. Here at Taylors we expect to have jobs for all our returned service people who want them. And if America wants *other* merchandise as badly as it seems to want Taylor Instruments, there ought to be jobs for *everybody!*



4 There's one thing he wants right now... and you can give it to him. A letter from home! Sit down and write him a V-mail letter today. And try to sound cheerful even if you don't feel it. He'd far rather think of you carrying on with a brave smile than being a gloomhound.



5 Meanwhile, take care of yourself... so he'll want to come home to *you.* Taylor Fever Thermometers and Taylor Blood Pressure Instruments will help keep you healthy... just as they're helping to take care of your serviceman. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

THE ELDEST

WHEN I entered the barracks, Corporal Harris, who occupies the area next to mine, had emptied his barracks bag and spread the contents out on his bunk.

"Look at all that damn stuff," he said wearily.

I had seen the articles enough times before to know them—DeKorte's electric razor, Crawley's fountain-pen desk set, Garcia's framed picture of his mother and two Marine brothers, Levine's garrison cap, Santley's accordion, Burch's miniature electric fan, Clymer's athletic shoes, and a dozen other things. Tied to each was a tag filled out in Harris's careful handwriting. I said that I didn't remember the books—a boxed set of "My Friend Flicka" and "Thunderhead" that was lying on top.

"Fredericks gave them to me this morning. He's shipping out at four-thirty," Harris said.

When you ship out from this station you are usually given three hours' notice before the truck leaves for the railroad depot. The belongings you have acquired, surprisingly many as a rule, don't begin to fit into the two barracks bags you are permitted to take with you. By the time you have run your clearance and collected the money you have lent out, there is no time to wrap your belongings and mail them.

Months ago, the first man in our outfit to be transferred left two pairs of civilian shoes with Harris to be sent home, and when the corporal conscientiously mailed them that same night, he was a marked man. After that everyone came to him for the same service, just as everyone comes to him for a band-aid or change for the coke machine. Harris weighs a hundred and fifteen pounds and every morning after breakfast he is at the drinking fountain taking a vitamin-B pill. His eyes are serious and puzzled behind his silver-rimmed government-issue glasses. Since he is in his upper thirties, he is much less likely to go out in an overseas shipment than most of the rest of us. I have seen him work an entire evening with balled-up newspaper and excelsior, wrapping a midget radio and a large glass-framed picture belonging to a pfc who had been transferred that afternoon. I have also seen him wait in line at the post-office window for twenty minutes, holding four packages.

He picked up a box camera from the pile and, sighing, looked at it. "Most

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The Simple Life in Beauty Care
Quick, simple, keyed to your busier life! Three preparations —all you need for basic skin care! No miracles promised —except the twin miracles of Coty quality and luxury.
coty

FOR YOUR DAILY CARE. *Three basic preparations: Cleansing Cream at $1, $1.50, $2.50; Skin Freshner at $1, $1.50; Conditioning Cream at $1, $1.75. Other preparations for special needs. (All prices plus tax.)*

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La moda Americana...Have a Coke

(THE AMERICAN WAY)

...or an American custom as seen in Italy

One of the interesting things that impress people overseas about the American fighting man is his friendliness among his fellows. Everywhere they see Americans bringing with them their customs and home-ways—their own brand of open-heartedness. *Have a Coke,* foreigners hear the G. I. say when he wants to be friendly, and they begin to understand what America means. For in this simple gesture is some of the essence of Main Street and the family fireside. Yes, the custom of *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola helps show the world the friendliness of American ways.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola

-the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

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of this stuff I've had ten days," he said. "There aren't any more corrugated boxes."

"What's the matter with the PX?" I asked.

"Somebody—the quartermaster, I think—has begun picking up their boxes," he said. "Anyway, they were beginning to cut down on me. They wanted to know what I needed so many for." He lay down on the bunk, his head on a bundle of white woollen athletic socks. "If something doesn't happen soon," he said slowly, "I don't know what I'm going to do. I had a letter from Kress today. He's in Utah now. He said his people hadn't gotten the slippers and the electric grill yet and he was as sarcastic as hell about it." He picked up a shiny toilet kit, still encircled by its Christmas gift ribbon. "This kit of Stahl's—I might be able to send it in three wrappings of paper. Maybe I wouldn't need corrugated board at all."

Sergeant Weber, who works in the Cadet Ground School, spoke without looking up from the laundry list he was making out. "If you want corrugated board, the supply room got in some more Pilots' Information Files today. They were unpacking them when I left. Each book comes in a separate corrugated board wrapping."

"I know, I know!" Harris said quickly. He sat up, jerking on his shoes. "They're good! I got those containers last time. I'll be able to wrap every damn thing here." He walked swiftly to the door, running a comb through his thin hair. "Welch is bringing in a droplight," he called back to me. "Tell him to leave it on my foot locker or tell him to wait here for me. I'll be right back."

—Sgt. Edgar Cole

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NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Daily Worker*]

It is most unfortunate that a large section of the American press, including not only such elements as the Hearst and Scripps-Howard papers, but also organs commanding some respect (such as the N. Y. Sun) goes berserk every time American troops make a forward move. Every hard and painful step of our infantrymen, every revolution of the caterpillar treads of our tanks and self-propelled guns brings out hysterical words such as "smash," "crash," "crack," "sweep," "break," "collapse," etc. —*February 28, page 12.*

9TH SMASHES INTO RUHR DEFENSES
—*Same day, page 1.*
ROKOSSOVSKY SLASHES 43 MI.
—*Same day, page 3.*
9TH BREAKS INTO RUHR DEFENSES
—*Same day, page 12.*

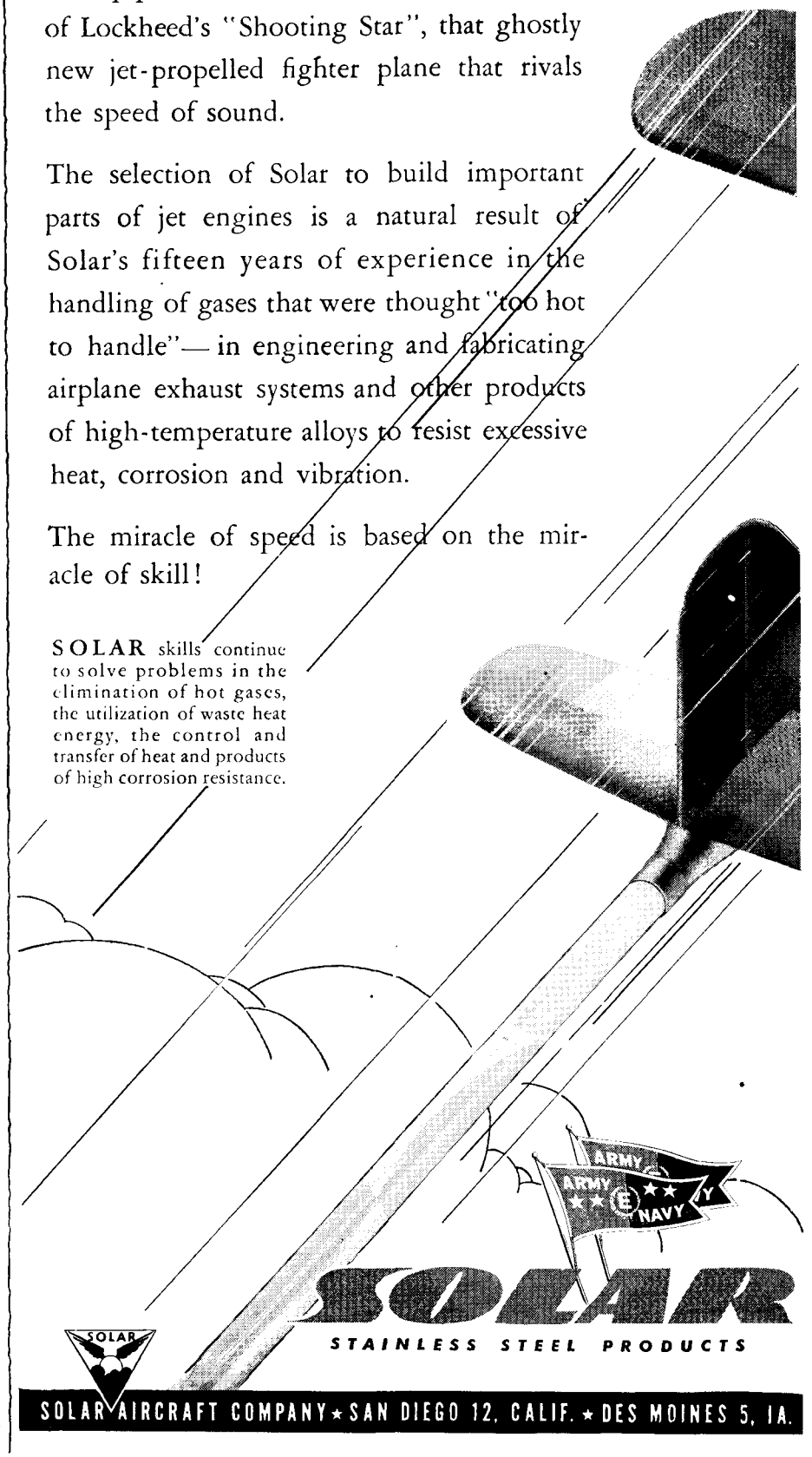
JET PROPULSION
uses SOLAR 'know-how' on world's fastest planes

SOLAR engine parts and Solar tailpipes are vital units in the miracle of Lockheed's "Shooting Star", that ghostly new jet-propelled fighter plane that rivals the speed of sound.

The selection of Solar to build important parts of jet engines is a natural result of Solar's fifteen years of experience in the handling of gases that were thought "too hot to handle"— in engineering and fabricating airplane exhaust systems and other products of high-temperature alloys to resist excessive heat, corrosion and vibration.

The miracle of speed is based on the miracle of skill!

SOLAR skills continue to solve problems in the elimination of hot gases, the utilization of waste heat energy, the control and transfer of heat and products of high corrosion resistance.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RIGHT DIRECTION

IT wasn't long ago that our troopships were leaving American ports jammed with soldiers and coming back empty. Now, with three years of fighting behind us, the homebound ships, in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, are crowded, too. The transport on which I recently returned from Italy seemed even fuller than the ship which had taken me overseas the winter of 1944. Among the thousands of troops aboard were many physically and mentally wounded who were returning for treatment. A number of less serious casualties were being brought back for their convalescence, which would be followed by a return to combat duty, assignment to limited service, or civilian life. Most of the troops were coming home, under the rotation system, for a twenty-one-day holiday and then reassignment to new duty. Others were on their way to get furloughs —a thirty-day leave before going back again to the same overseas post. A number of over-age soldiers and specialists who were being sent home to go into more useful civilian jobs were also on the ship. The transport didn't happen to be carrying any this trip, but there might have been other types of passengers along: Broadway-bound U.S.O. troupers, soldier heroes booked for speaking tours, soldiers who had been dishonorably discharged, Nazi prisoners of war, relief experts, propaganda experts, intelligence agents, and Red Cross girls.

Overseas, nearly everybody's ambition is to get home again, but our transport's departure from Naples, like most Army-arranged matters, was sober rather than gay. To begin with, the majority of the troops had been informed weeks, even months, before that they were going home and had had nothing much to do meanwhile but stand by in a camp built for them on the Naples race track. Even their first sight of the ship was not as exciting as it might have been. The day she sailed, the able-bodied men had to wait again, this time in lines stretching hundreds of yards along the docks. The usual mysterious last-minute details seemed to be holding up the works. Near the gangplanks, a conference of Army Transportation Corps officers was going on. The men in line whiled away the time, nearly two hours, guessing which units were likely to go aboard first, what kind of quarters they would draw, and so on. Eventually the guessing stopped and the men simply stared at the ship.

The seriously wounded were the first to be loaded. They were taken out of ambulances and put in wire-cage litters, which were carefully hauled up a chute to the deck where the ship's sick bay was. A few tried to wave jauntily as the medical orderlies fussed over them. Next, the orderlies helped the ambulatory patients up the gangplanks. Then the long lines of unwounded began to move aboard at a halting pace, and the men's spirits picked up. Some of them, when finally they set foot on the ship, smiled broadly at the Navy men standing around. It took several hours to get everyone aboard. By the time I reached the top of the gangplank, the first of the voyage's rumors was well under way. Just as I dropped my heavy baggage on the deck, an infantryman, who had been saying something to several of the men ahead of me, came up to me. "*Paesano*," he told me in an authoritative voice, "you can take it easy. Ship's going to stay sealed in port for five days." Early the next morning the transport pulled out. My tipster, who by that time must have misinformed dozens of passengers, wasn't in hiding. He was entirely at ease, leaning on the ship's rail and leading a group of men in sending one Bronx cheer after another at the receding Italian coast.

THIS particular ship is extremely well-run and has the reputation of being one of the best transports in its class, but, like all ships specifically built as transports, she was designed for carrying as many passengers as possible. We steamed out into the Mediterranean with perhaps twice as many passengers as a ship of the same size would have carried in peacetime. Because of the number of men aboard, there were only two meals a day, except for those lucky enough to be made dishwashers or guards, who got a third meal. About three-fourths of the passengers were travelling "troop class" —that meant they slept in the four decks below the main one. These decks, which had no portholes, were great expanses of canvas bunks, four high, the top one only fourteen inches from the low ceiling. The enlisted men had to be in their quarters at what the Navy calls "darken ship"—more popularly known as sunset. They could leave them shortly after dawn. The majority of the officers were also travelling troop class, because the quarters ordinarily assigned to commissioned men on eastbound trips had been given to the casualties. Only a few dozen officers, none of them below the rank of major, had staterooms of their own—eighteen officers to a stateroom, that is. The officers could stay up as late as they liked. There was a lounge in which they could spend their evenings, but since no lights were permitted, all they could do was to sit around and talk in an effort to put off going to their cramped quarters. The buzz of their

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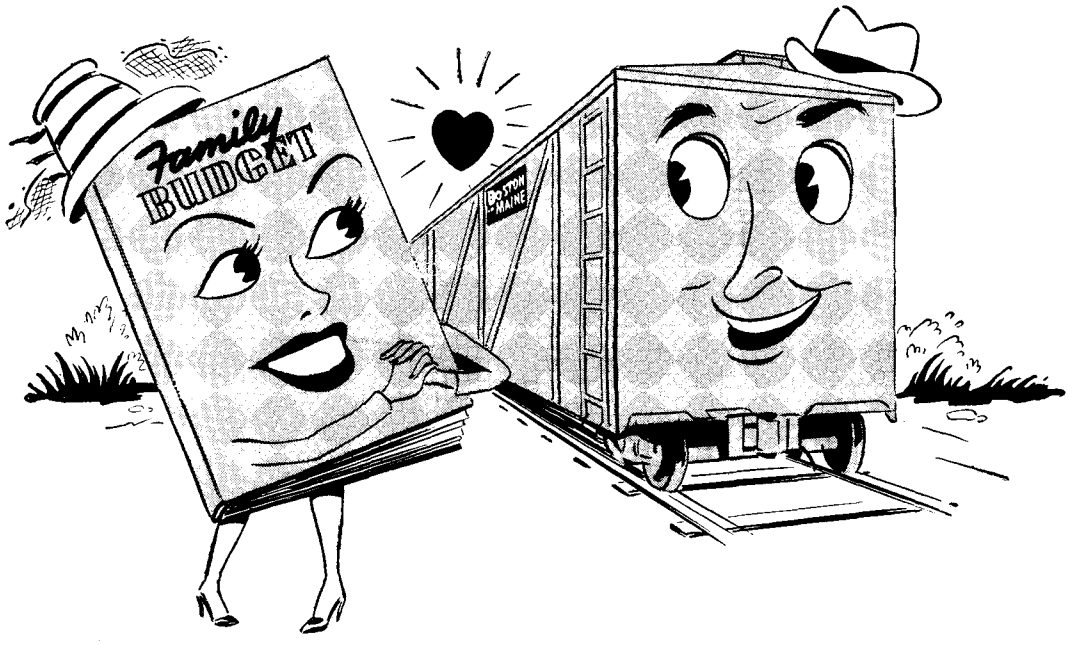
Your Budget's Best Friend is a BOX CAR!



You never thought your battered wartime budget had a friend, did you? But it has! Although almost everything else costs you much more than in 1939, railroad freight rates are still on the same level today as they were in that year. Railroad freight rates are not adding one cent more to your cost of living today than they did at the time of Pearl Harbor. So don't let anybody tell you that your cost of living has increased because the railroads are charging more for hauling the things you buy.

A 25-pound ham can still go places by rail for less than 25 cents

Maybe your Easter ham did cost more this year than in 1939, but it wasn't because of its traveling expenses! It *still* costs less than 1¢ a pound to ship a ham all the way from Chicago to Boston . . . only 2½% of its final cost to you at your local market. And the freight rate for hauling a 5-pound bag of flour from Minneapolis to Boston is less than 2½¢ . . . just as it was six years ago. And what about clothing? The charge for shipping women's shoes from New England to Chicago is less than 1½¢ a pair! These are but a few examples of what the B and M, and other American Railroads, are now charging for carrying the things you buy.

YOUR taxes could be worse!

Yes, that's right; were it not for the railroads (and that includes Northern New England's B and M), that withholding tax you've felt like grousing about might be even HIGHER. At the time of the last war, the Government took over the operation of the railroads. The resulting deficit — which the taxpayers had to pay — was $1,282,051 a day. During World War II it has been a different story. This country's railroads have been on their own and in 1944 contributed over $5,000,000 a day *to* the Government in taxes. That's another way the railroads are befriending your family budget. Last year the Boston and Maine's tax bill (Federal, state, and local) was $8,498,787.

Race of the century: rising operating cost vs. increasing efficiency

Since 1939 our annual payroll has shot from $21,394,122 to $41,227,138; our annual taxes from $3,519,723 to $8,498,787; our annual bill for materials and supplies, including fuel, from $7,542,385 to $15,440,389. BUT FREIGHT RATES ARE *STILL* LOW . . . the railroads still carry a ton of freight at an average cost of *less than* 1¢ a mile just as they did back in 1939. How are we able to do this? By continually improving our operating methods (making the same number of cars do more work, for example); by purchasing motive power that can haul longer trains at lower costs; and by receiving helpful cooperation from our employees, shippers, and the general public.

Boston and Maine will continue to serve you by providing fast, efficient, low cost transportation.

OUR FREIGHT CARS WILL *ALWAYS* BE YOUR BUDGET'S BEST FRIEND!

BOSTON *and* MAINE

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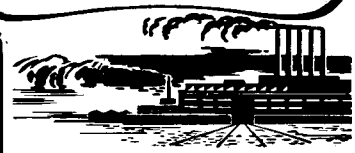
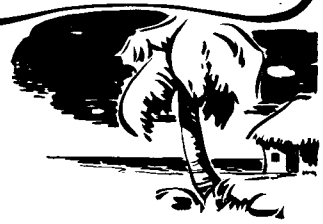
THE BEST STEELS COME FROM PITTSBURGH



JAMAICA MAKES THE BEST IN RUM



• Because the modern steel industry was developed in Pittsburgh, this city is world-famed as the home of high-quality steel products.

In the same way, JAMAICA has been a byword for finer rums since 1661. You'll find the centuries-old, pot-still method and rigid British Empire controls are your assurance of richer, smoother rums for all drinks and your favorite cooking recipe. Remember, JAMAICA RUMS — "Byword" of Connoisseurs — "Buyword" for greater satisfaction!

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

GENUINE Jamaica Rums

talk in the dark, packed lounge made the place seem even more crowded than it was. A piano stood in one corner. One of the few advantages of the darkness was that only those who could play well enough to pick out keys in a blackout played at all.

I doubt that anyone begrudged anyone else the space he took up aboard the ship, but the men did gripe about the inconveniences. They griped about their quarters and the rule against smoking and the blackout and the curfew, even though they knew perfectly well that all these things were necessary. One afternoon, walking on deck, I ran into Lieutenant Colonel James E. P. McNair, a thin, harried man in his fifties, who, being the ranking Transportation Corps officer aboard, was necessarily the indirect target of most of the complaints. I asked him how he was bearing up under it. "Oh, I've had far worse bunches than this one," he said. "You have to expect griping. Most of the men have been at the front, or at least near enough so a stray shell might get them. Suddenly they're taken away from there and they're going home—just what they've been wanting. That's when what they've been through hits them—a delayed kick, you might say. They expect things to be done for them then, things we can't always do. I can't blame them, but they can't blame us either."

The Colonel said that sometimes soldiers had to be put in the ship's brig, or even deprived of their leaves when they landed in the States. "Some fellows just won't do anything they're asked to do," he said. "It's as though they were having a last-minute crackup. Hate to punish them, but there still are subs around and I'm responsible for getting them home." The Colonel added that, as for this trip, he thought the worst was over. "It happened back in Naples, when they were getting on," he said. I said I thought that the embarkation had been orderly, but he shook his head. "Dogs," he said. "Eight of them. Found them the first day out. Can't bring them into the country. Don't know what the captain's going to decide." Most of the dogs' owners, he told me, insisted that their pets had followed them up the gangplank in plain view of everyone. "They just can't understand how come all the fuss," he said. The Colonel thought there would continue to be a certain amount of griping throughout the voyage, but the prospect didn't bother him. "You know," he said, "I've given a lot of thought to this griping problem and I've figured out that the best solution for it is for the Germans to give up."

A number of things were done to mitigate the passengers' discomfort. No canned rations were served. We had fresh vegetables every day, and enough steaks, roasts, and ham to make some of the fellows complain that there wouldn't be any culinary surprises left for them by the time they reached the States. When the trip was half over, the ship's store put on sale a stock of woman's alligator handbags and silk stockings, at low prices. The ship, outbound for Italy, had stopped off at Rio de Janeiro to pick up some Brazilian troops. During the wait in port, the ship's officers had not only done shopping for themselves but had thoughtfully picked up some extra stuff for the returning soldiers. "What we're selling them makes sense," one of the ship's officers said to me as we watched the men lining up in front of the ship's store. "Otherwise all they bring home for their sweethearts are Lugers, and these have to be picked up at the docks by the Army."

Everybody made a point of staying on deck, even in rainy weather, to store up as much air as possible for himself before curfew. The main deck was divided by ropes, the forward section for the officers and the aft section for the troops. The ropes, however, were not much of a barrier. There were, in addition to casuals, segments of hundreds of units aboard, and the officers and men in each of them, talking over the experiences they had shared, frequently forgot all about distinctions of rank. Besides, there were certain experiences they had had to swear not to discuss with anyone outside their own group. Pilot captains and tail-gunner sergeants who had crash-landed together in Austria, for example, were subject to court-martial if they told how they had been helped to make their way back to the Allied lines, but at least they could reminisce together. Not that the men talked incessantly about the war, but it was their current occupation and it was naturally the subject of their shop talk. The intramural references and jokes were another reason the boys tended to stick to their own outfits. I remember one of those jokes—one that an outsider might not find very funny. The tail gunner of a Liberator was passing it on to the bomber's officers and enlisted men. "You know what the flak was like over Sofia," he said. "Well, before Buddy got back

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to Foggia, after they let him out of that prison camp in Bulgaria, he said he had a look at the place. He saw a lot of our plane wrecks all over the city. Anyway, Buddy wanted to get to the American consulate, so he goes up to a Bulgarian cop and asks for directions." The tail gunner snickered. "So this Bulgarian tells him, 'You can't miss it. Go down two P-47s, then you'll come to a B-17. Cut right until you hit three B-24s. Stay on that street until you see a pair of P-51s. Consulate's twenty feet to the left.' "

As on all troopships, there was little to do. Movies were shown only for the wounded in the sick bay. There were no programs of entertainment. Gambling, of course, was forbidden, so those who did play cards did so half-heartedly. Mostly, the men just sat on the deck and talked away the hours. The only real break came with the daily abandon-ship drill. Everybody but the casualties took part in that. In the mental patients' ward, a doctor stood by, telling the men slowly, again and again, that the alarm bell meant only a drill. The ship had a dozen deck chairs, placed just astern of the sick bay, for the casualties. They sat in them for brief periods during the day and looked out over the crowded after-deck below and at the wake of the ship. At certain hours the mental patients, dressed in maroon corduroy suits, were taken on deck for a walk, always accompanied by medical corpsmen. They were dressed in maroon, unlike the other casualties, so that everyone could more readily keep an eye on them and keep them from coming to any harm.

After a few days, we reached the Strait of Gibraltar. Almost everybody aboard had been through it before, but the landfall was an occasion. The men crowded the rails, looking at the Rock and then at Spanish Morocco. On the deck outside the sick bay, where I happened to be standing with the ship's doctor, a major had stationed himself at one of the portholes and, like a radio announcer, was calling out a description of Gibraltar to the patients lying in their bunks. "Rock's plenty big," he told them. "Shaped like a rugged camel's hump. I think I can see some British guns sticking out of it. Won't be too long before we're past the Strait and out of the Mediterranean." "No more Mediterranean, no more Mediterranean Theatre," one of the patients called back to him, and a few of the other men in the sick bay laughed.

When we did get out of the Mediterranean, the ship took certain navi-

HOUBIGANT

Behold new beauty in your mirror! —*sheer* beauty accented with Translucid Lipstick, the rich, creamy lipstick that goes on so smoothly and s-t-a-y-s on. Its seven glowing shades are specially blended . . . to harmonize with Translucid Sheer-Sifted Face Powder and its partner in loveliness, Translucid Foundation-tone.

Translucid Lipstick, $1.00.
Cream Rouge to match, $1.25.
Face Powder, $1.50. *Foundation-tone*, $1.50.
Special Emollient Retiring Cream, $2.00.
(Plus tax)

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CRESTA BLANCA
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gational precautions, in a gesture to Franco's neutrality, and then settled down to a steady course. Once we were out of sight of the Spanish coast, the passengers went back to their usual places to take it easy until the next and final landfall, America. A slight wind blew up, for the first time since we'd left Naples, and there were whitecaps all around us. The doctor with whom I had been talking zippered up his sea jacket. "Tomorrow we start gunnery practice," he said. "We've got some pretty big guns aboard." He looked out at the Atlantic silently. "Guess I'd better go below," he said after a while, "and tell my patients not to worry about them—that it's just practice."

AS we crossed the Atlantic, I came to know a few of the Army men well during the endless hours we had for conversation. One of them was Lieutenant Bob Vander Muller, a husky twenty-three-year-old bombardier in a Flying Fortress squadron. Vander Muller was as fast-talking as a vaudeville ham looking for a job. None of his Air Forces friends ever told him to shut up, because they considered him a fine combat man and because they'd become accustomed to his chatter, the way people get used to living over the "L." Vander Muller was the only fellow I ran into aboard the ship who talked as though leaving Italy were merely carrying out Army orders and not a pleasure. "I had one hell of a good time there," he told me, at his usual pace, "and I never found out otherwise. It was nearly all Beech—Lieutenant Charlie Beecham of Anadarko, Oklahoma, to you. We flew together a lot and we'd be together on the ground, too." Vander Muller laughed. "We'd be leading the squadron, and the automatic pilot, which flies a plane better than any pilot ever did, would be working and Beech and I would get on the intercom. My pop-off might go something like 'Ladies and gentlemen: This is your Metropolitan Opera, Lily Pons performing. You'll now hear the fourth act from an opera.' Or we'd do a parody together: 'While the organ peeled potatoes, Lard was rendered by the choir, While the sexton rang the dish rag, Someone set the church on fire.' A good way of killing time on the way to Czechoslovakia or Munich. Like as not, we'd take up a case of beer with us for ourselves and our ground crew. Cooling facilities at camp were lousy and up where we were going it would be thirty below. When we'd land, the

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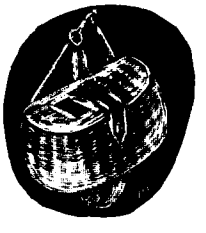
beer would be nice and cold for drinking." Vander Muller laughed again. "Beech and I would fly about once every four days. The other three days we'd sit around with some majors who had an apartment in town and drink their rum or we'd be at the officers' club chewing the fat. One night there, Beech was writing a letter to his girl in Oklahoma when he got stuck. 'How about putting something in my letter?' he asked everybody. Ten of us were in the room and we all wrote her. We pitched a good one that night. Beer cans must have stood two feet square."

Vander Muller and Beecham together went to Capri, a leave area, and had fun there, too. "There was a serious shortage of womanpower," Vander Muller said. "Beech and I got a kick watching the Air Force get around the problem. Nobody wore a uniform there. Just Capri shirts—a short, jacket kind of shirt—and rolled-up pants and rope-soled shoes. Fellows would go down to the pier and meet Army nurses coming over for a rest on the island and talk like Italians. They'd pick up the girls' valises and ask them, 'Carry bag, *Signorina? Una sigaretta, Signorina?*' The girls would give them cigarettes and the fellows would take their bags to a jeep they had hanging around, and on the way to the girls' hotel they'd date them. On the Isle of Capri, we used to spend mornings drinking Quisinogs, a fine something named after the Quisisana Hotel there. Maybe I ought to patent the recipe. Two shots of cognac, canned milk, powdered egg, ice, and nutmeg. The milk kills the cognac taste, the ice takes care of the milk, and you can't kill the powdered egg because it won't dissolve, so you just add nutmeg and that gives it flavor and it comes out *molto buono*."



Vander Muller said he wished that Beech were along with him on the ship. "We had it all planned, too," he said. "That's how come I've got fifty-two missions—a cockeyed number. I had my fifty missions finished, but Beech hadn't cleaned his up yet. He was going on his last trip in a couple of days—one of those targets that was a little tricky, so you got credit for two. I forget what it was. A gun emplacement somewhere. Anyway, we wanted to make sure that Beech's mission went off all right, so he and I got together one night and said that the Germans hadn't built the gun yet that could bring down Vander Muller & Beecham, and I went along. Well, we were waiting in the replacement depot together to catch this ship when all of a sudden they fish Beech out and tell him he's getting the D.F.C. and they're going to fly him home. Somebody wants to pin it on him quick. Something he did to the Budapest marshalling yards on a foggy day I didn't happen to be flying with him. I hope the louse is hung up in Casablanca right now and this tub beats him in." He laughed loudly. "Guess I'll pick him up somewhere again," he said. "Say, tell me, what the hell's it like out in the Pacific? Know anything about these B-29s?"

ANOTHER soldier I came to know well aboard the transport was William Arber of Buffalo, a buck private in an Air Forces engineer battalion which performed such jobs as laying steel nets for runways and building Nissen huts and hangars. Arber, a mild, gray-haired man, was being discharged because of his age. He was almost twice Lieutenant Vander Muller's age. For over twenty years he had been a railroad switchman. He was working in Junction City, Ohio, in 1942, when he was drafted. Since he had gone into the Army, his first two grandchildren had been born, one each to a son and a daughter. "I'm the fellow," he said to me, "who can tell his grandchildren about the war already."

He remembered the morning he checked in at the roundhouse to tell his supervisor he had received his draft notice. "He laughed at me," Arber said, "and said I'd be back in a couple of days. I was—in a uniform." He went on, speaking thoughtfully. "Anything of a surprising nature, like war," he said, "tends to upset matters for people of my age. I had certain plans, you see. For instance, I was always glad I'd gotten married young. Idea was that I wouldn't be too old to go out with my children when they grew up. Before the war, I'd go swimming with my boy and his friends in Lake Erie, and as for my daughter, we'd listen to juke boxes and dance together. Some evenings the whole family would go to a roller rink near the lake shore. The girl will be there when I get home, but my son's a pilot and he won't be around."

Arber hadn't been deprived entirely of the atmosphere of family life in the Army. "I was Pop to everybody," he said. "Many times the boys would come up to me and ask, 'Pop, what should I

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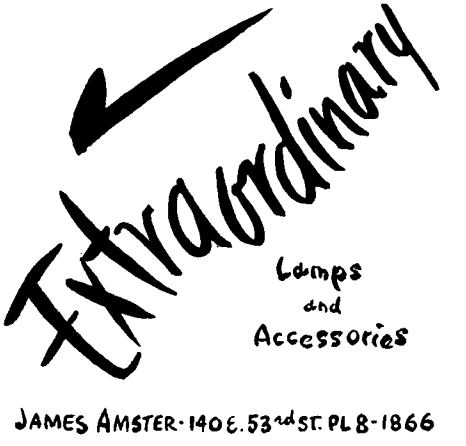

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do about this girl of mine?' or 'Pop, how about drinking?' " He wasn't sure that younger people didn't have it harder than middle-aged ones. "During my infantry training," he continued, "I could handle the obstacle courses easily. The kids would see me doing it and they'd feel discouraged. The sergeant used to point at me and ride them about it. Wasn't fair of him, I'd think. Hell, I'd been going along a good many years railroading and getting hardened. But those youngsters came out of schools and nice, comfortable homes and found themselves living in pup tents in the damp and carrying heavy packs."

Arber was very happy to be going home, but there was one small matter which troubled him occasionally. "This may strike you as peculiar," he said uncertainly, "coming from a man of my age, but I picked up a bit of what I call itchy foot." He had gone across an ocean for the first time in his life, and to places that no American railroads would ever take him. "There was the island of Djerba," he said. "They say the Duke met Wally Simpson there. We built a bomber base on the island. And I saw Enfidaville, a little town where they'd had a big battle. Thousands and thousands of prisoners were marching through the day I got there. Near the Mareth Line, I saw an Arab on a donkey and way ahead of him his three wives were walking. Usually they follow hubby. I asked a Frenchman why the Arab was behind this time." Arber chuckled. "Frenchie said that there were a lot of mines around and that this Arab didn't want to take any chances, so he was letting his wives do a little reconnoitering. I guess I'll never forget those places, but it's going to be mighty fine seeing my old lady again and meeting my grandchildren."

ONE enlisted man who was always encouraged to come into the officers' lounge to play the piano was Corporal Eddie Bigham, a twenty-four-year-old professional pianist who specialized in hot music. One afternoon, resting at the piano after a stint of a couple of hours, he talked to me about himself. He was a short, flat-chested fellow who spoke very slowly, as though he were trying to conserve his energy for his piano playing. He had been overseas for twenty-eight months with a Special Services unit. Part of that time he had been the accompanist for four movie actresses touring North Africa—the ones they called the Four Jills. He was to return to Italy after his furlough in the

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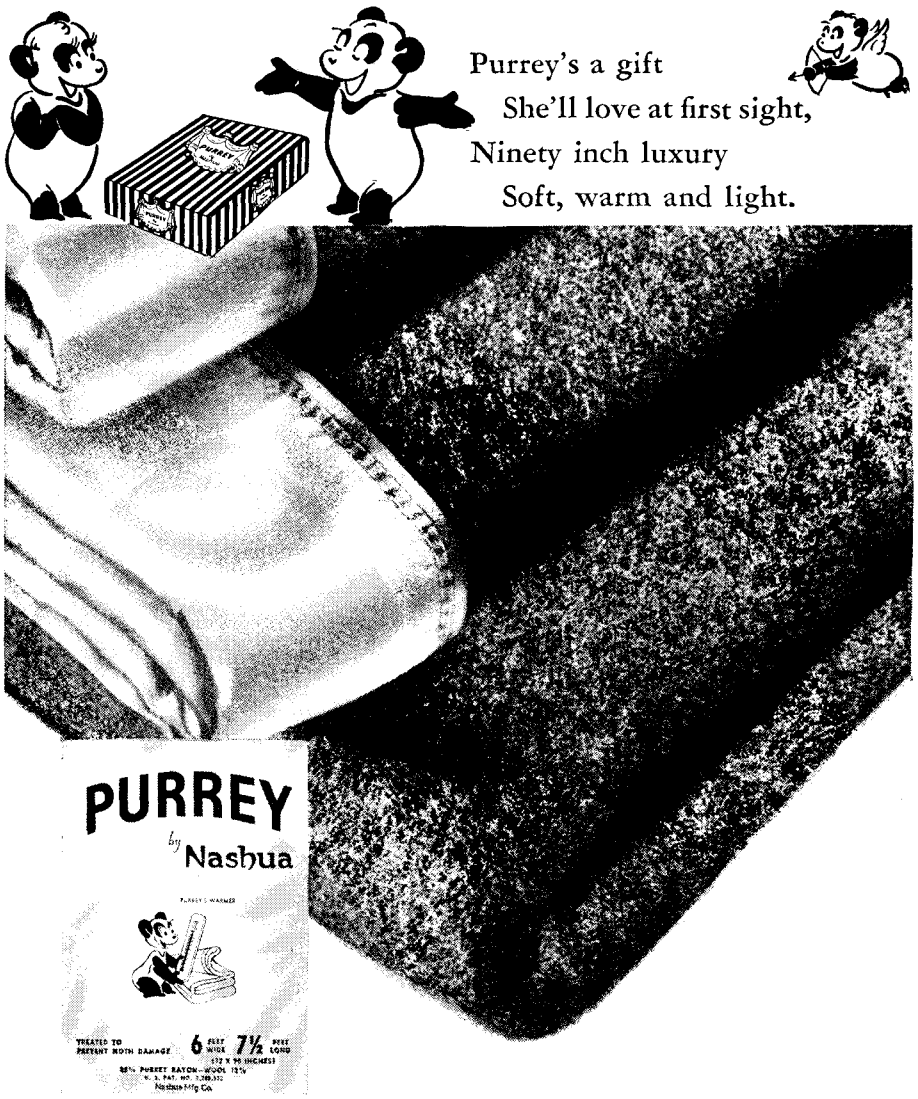
States. He had a clear idea of what he would do in his free month. "For the first ten minutes," he said, "I'm going to say hello to my mother and father and four sisters in Philadelphia, and then I'm going to New York and live at Nick's and Café Society." He thought that his piano playing had fallen off overseas. "The fellows want entertainment so bad," he said, "that you can get away with murder. I remember at Anzio, during the days when the Germans were dropping shells all over and the JU-88s were making their milk run, our unit was giving three shows daily in a cave. It was always jammed. One day our M.C. got up and announced to the G.I.s that we'd run out of gags. 'All we got left are the old ones,' he said. The G.I.s yelled, 'Tell them all over again.' I'd keep playing the piano, doing the numbers they wanted. They'd seem to like them, but I knew my stuff was lousy. It got so that I'd turn around to them before I'd start playing and say, 'If you like my show, that's fine. And if you don't, I still get my sixty bucks at the end of the month.'

"I want to listen to Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson," he continued. "I get stimulated that way and I can start getting ideas of my own again. All I've been hearing from the G.I.s has been 'You're wonderful, Eddie.' Now I want to play in front of some critical bastards who'll tell me, 'Improve your beat,' 'Don't try to do too much,' 'You're playing on the square side.' I'll be happy when I can jam around in some smoky dive. A cigarette in my mouth, a glass of beer on the piano, and lots of critics around—that'll suit me fine." He ran his fingers up the keys. "The worse the ventilation," he said, "the better."

THE Thirty-fourth Division, one of the senior American outfits in point of European service, was naturally well represented in the furlough group aboard the transport. One of its men was Sergeant Lambert Witt, a tall, tired, blue-eyed farm boy from Ellsworth, Minnesota. He had been shipped abroad three years before. Witt was a combat engineer, a fair amount of whose time had been taken up with finding German mines, one of the Army's trickiest assignments. "After a while," Witt told me, "that and everything else gets to be a deal. Even the country I've seen, which they tell me is beautiful, and I suppose it is, became a deal. At Hill 609, in Africa, the poppies were blooming and the crops were ripening, but the S mines and the tellers seemed



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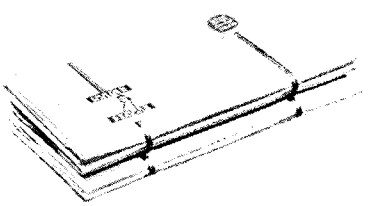

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to be blooming, too. In Italy the country was greener and the trip wires harder to find. The pretty mountains never helped us any. Fixing a crater hole in a narrow mountain road is a tough job. The rivers were also nice, but the heavy rains swelled them and our pontoon bridges would be washed away. We saw more poppy fields in Italy, but that meant tank country. A gully is a place where the infantry tries to take cover when they're moving up. I'm a hell of a tourist."

Going home, Witt figured, was probably a good deal, but you couldn't be sure. "Maybe there won't be any fighting while I'm gone, and when I get back all hell will break loose. But if there is fighting, then I ought to be there. *You* tell *me*." One thing about his return, however, he knew for certain was a good deal. "I'm going to be able to drag my feet," he said. "Wherever I've been, I've always had to step just right. My family has a few acres out in Minnesota. Big cornfield at one end of the property. When I get home, I'm going to put on my overalls and take a walk toward it. Nice level country there and you can see for miles around. Honest-to-goodness trees—cottonwoods, no sawed-off olive ones. I'll keep moving out toward the cornfield, dragging my feet and not worrying about trip wires, even when there's six-inch alfalfa covering the ground. My dog'll be along and I'll have a gun with me again, but it'll be a .22 and I'll use it for polishing off any gophers we see along the way. I'll stop off and ask some neighbors how the crops were. After that, I'll lie down for a while under a cottonwood and look up at the sky and expect to see no planes that would strafe me." He seemed more cheerful. "That's my kind of country," he said. "That's a good deal."

TWO days out of Gibraltar, the mild wind we had encountered died down. Most of us had only cold-weather clothes—the other stuff was stowed away in the hold—so even the warm, pleasant calm which succeeded the breeze produced a new gripe in which everyone, including Colonel McNair, could join. We were taking a southerly route and the consensus of the guessing about where we were heading narrowed down to New Orleans, Charleston, and Newport News. Except for the Air Forces personnel, the men rarely talked about going home. The Air Forces men, however, kept telling everyone how long they could have been home by now if only everyone had been flown back.

We had been on the water for more than a week before the rest of the men decided that their homecoming was a topic of conversation. At first they laid bets, some of them fantastically large, on what day the ship would get in, or else they set up pools to bet on the exact landing hour, regardless of the day. There was also considerable talk involving girls and plans for getting plastered. Before long, the mood of the ship's company became gloomy again. Some of the men speculated in great detail on how long they would be tied up by red tape at the separation center. Then a number of sad but unfounded rumors got in circulation. The favorite one was that measles had broken out aboard and the ship was to be quarantined in some tropical port for an indefinite period; two fellows, it seemed, had already died, victims of the epidemic.

NOTHING, of course, could have spoiled the last day out. The sea was choppy, and the wind damp and penetrating, but no one minded much, even the men who became seasick. The ship was steaming north and the betting choices shifted to New York and Boston; Newport News was now a long shot. We could tell we were near land by the gulls and the numerous planes flying west and east. Shortly after midday, the ship turned west. By mid-afternoon, we sighted America, in the form of a thin, bare piece of land jutting out into the bay east of Norfolk. Many of the men set up a shout. Others talked about it quietly and a few just stared in silence. One soldier rushed up to a friend who was looking straight at it and asked him loudly, "See the land?" The friend nodded unenthusiastically and said "But where's the Statue of Liberty?" "You jerk," the other man said. "This ain't New York. It's Virginia. Take what you can get." I went into the sick bay to tell a casualty friend of mine the good news. I was late. One or two patients were already standing at each of the portholes there, describing what they saw to the casualties in bed. "The land is so close you can see people," one man said. "I see a shiny sedan on a road!" another fellow shouted.

Now we were encountering harbor traffic. Some of the craft tooted salutes at us. About seventy-five yards from our starboard side three Liberties, going east, came by. They were packed with troops. Their men and ours lined

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the rails. Ours waited to see what the outbound soldiers would do. Finally they waved. They seemed cheerful. The soldiers on our ship responded quickly: "Hey, rookie!," "You're going in the wrong direction!," "You'll be sorree, you'll be sorree!" Our men kept hollering at the ships as long as they thought the other men could hear.

We docked just as dark fell. The public-address system informed us that it was too late to debark and that we would have to sleep aboard. The men didn't seem too disappointed. They were already reaping the first benefits of being home: the ship's lights were on and they would be able to stay out in the night air as long as they wanted. The rails were less crowded now. The men promenaded up and down the decks, a pleased look on their faces. Off in the distance, in Norfolk, we could see yellowish lights. "They say you don't have to line up for showers in this country," I heard one soldier telling another.

A few Navy officers were coming aboard on official business. Several enlisted men, members of an M.P. detachment, were standing guard on the pier. "Hey, *paesano*, *sigarette*, *sigarette?*" our soldiers called down. The M.P.s, who had probably been subjected to this countless times before, smiled gamely. One of them shouted up to us, "There's going to be a band here in the morning." "Now, ain't that swell!" someone answered him in a falsetto voice. "There's going to be a band. I wonder what they'll play." A young sergeant whom I had known at Anzio came up to me. He had an impatient way of hitting the rail lightly with his hands as he talked. "You mean to tell me," he asked, "that after all these years I like everything the Army does with me?" I assured him I didn't know what he was talking about. "This is the way it goes," he explained. "Thirty months ago the Army kept me in Newport News, this hole, so long that I was glad when they shipped me the hell out. Now they bring me back to the same hole and I'm glad again. The Army's always making me glad." He slapped me on the shoulder. "Good old Army!" he said.

—DANIEL LANG

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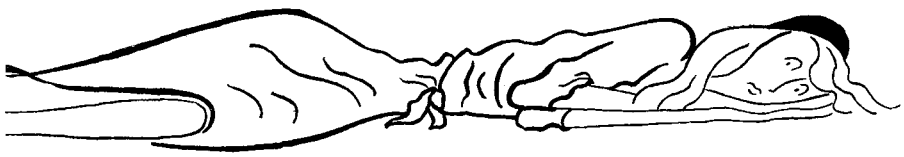

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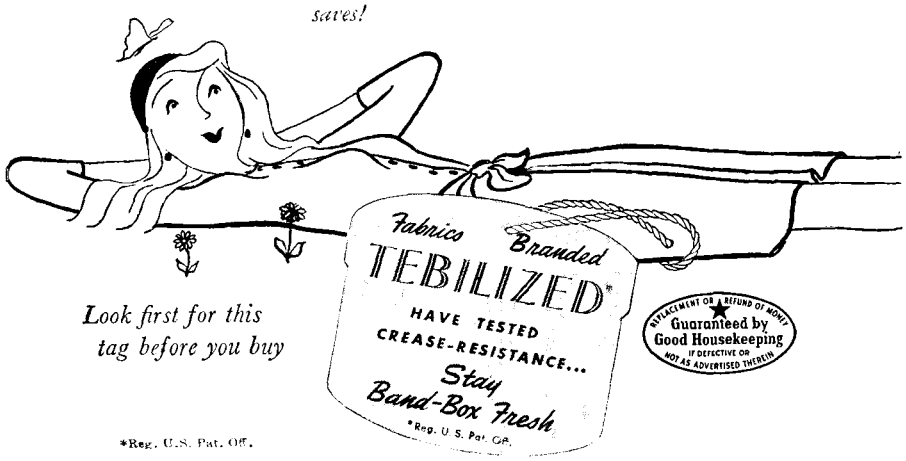

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OF ALL THINGS

THAT big Japanese naval squadron which left home in the morning to look for trouble was sunk in the afternoon. Nobody could ask for prompter service than that.

•

It seems likely that the reception awaiting the victorious armies in Berlin will not be as well attended as had been expected. Many members of the Wehrmacht cannot be present because of previous engagements.

•

Our papers are now conserving newsprint by showing the eastern and western fronts on the same map. Day by day, the Inner Fortress is growing inner and inner.

•

Moscow's denunciation of the non-aggression treaty is bad news for the Japs. The Germans can give them a vivid idea of how the Russians act when their love begins to grow cold.

•

Europe is flooded with fascinating rumors about what has become of Hermann Goering. The public ought to thoroughly enjoy the adventures of the thick man.

•

Our silver senators have decided that the Bretton Woods plan does not pay enough attention to their favorite metal. The world cannot be prosperous, they insist, unless everybody pays more for silver than it is worth.

•

LaGuardia has turned over to the Red Cross $1,300 raised by raffling off one of his black sombreros. In these troubled times, it is nice to know that the Mayor and the gambling fraternity have been able to effect a rapprochement.

•

We are told that there may be more gasoline after V-E Day but that we may have to get along on considerably less food. Small waists will probably be in vogue for at least another year.

•

Americans will no doubt welcome the British suggestion that the world's peace capital be established in Washington. We should be able to find a quiet place for it, not too close to the railroad or the Senate. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE FRENCH IN FRANKFURT

WHEN, in the fall of 1923, a French army of occupation marched into Frankfurt-am-Main, the citizens of that former free city regretted that it wasn't the English, or, better yet, the Americans, who had a reputation for distributing food more freely. The Frankfurters showed no signs of patriotic indignation. They were much too tired, weary, and hungry. Even my mother, author of a cookbook called "How to Use Your Leftovers, a Guide to Better Sauces," hadn't been able to serve us any real meals for a long time because there were no leftovers left, and she couldn't prevent my sister and me from indulging in the favorite amusement of all the children of Frankfurt—talking about imaginary food.

This game had started in the winter of 1917, the "turnip winter," when lunch, dinner, and sometimes breakfast had consisted of red or white turnips that, however disguised by readers of my mother's cookbook, tasted mushy and revolting. By the end of the war the food situation had improved a little. The year I was ten I ate mashed potatoes for the first time and discovered that there were vegetables, such as spinach and cauliflower, that tasted different from turnips. Like most schoolboys, I carried a heavy black satchel to school on my back. In this my mother would put two "Health war bread" sandwiches.

We didn't know the French had occupied Frankfurt overnight when we sat down to breakfast that morning. Our breakfast was bluish ersatz coffee and a piece of war bread. The bread was dark and often fell into a thousand pieces when my mother tried to spread it with a synthetic margarine called Swan in Blue Ribbon. My sister Elizabeth and I carried on our customary highly stylized conversation, based on certain romantic books we had been reading. Our favorite was "Medieval Knights and Their Adventures," by J. J. Stoll.

"Be kind, O Roderich," said my sister, "and hand me the golden honey so that I may sweeten the contents of my goblet."

I passed her some tiny pills of I. G. Farben saccharin and said, "Where are the king-sized loaves of precious white bread, O my dear Thusnelda, which our majordomo promised to hold in readiness for this hour?"

My sister turned to my mother and asked, "How white is white bread, Mother?"

I was annoyed because she had stopped quoting J. J. Stoll, but even so her question seemed to me very important. I looked at my mother expectantly.

"It's whiter than our bed sheets," my mother answered, "whiter than our white war soap, whiter than . . . well, you must see it to know how white it is. But get on with you now, Richard, or you'll be late for school."

I hadn't finished my piece of bread, and my mother insisted that I take it along. After I left the house—my sister and I never walked to school together—I made a detour into the deserted Oberlindau, a lane which on one side was bordered by the magnificent gardens and greenhouses of the Baroness von Rothschild. Very few people ever walked through the Oberlindau, and this suited my plans perfectly. I looked right and left, and, finding nobody in sight, I went up to a mailbox and dropped my piece of bread in the slit.

Instantly, the little door in the fence on the Rothschild side opened, loud voices filled the Oberlindau, and out of the garden, like an apparition, stepped a gigantic Algerian Zouave in a splendid uniform, with a kind of red cozy on his head. It was my first encounter with the *Erbfeind*, as our history professor called the French.

The Zouave grabbed me and asked, in French, what I was doing there. I understood French because Mother, who was born near Strasbourg, had insisted that we speak it at home an hour a day. I was almost too frightened to breathe, but after a moment I managed to stammer, "How did you know I speak French?"

The Zouave, surprised, loosened his grip. "*Alors*," he said in a more friendly tone, "what are you up to? Don't you know that the Twelfth Colonial Regiment is stationed here? Civilians can't use this street."

For some reason I had lost all my fear. I looked up and down his six feet four inches and said, in my best French,

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"I'm on my way to school, and I threw away a piece of bread. I hate black bread. It's like soap."

"Black bread?" the Zouave asked. "Don't you have white bread?"

"I have never seen white bread," I answered.

The Zouave gave me a long look. Then he said, "*Attends, mon garçon,*" and disappeared, shutting the door behind him.

I couldn't have run away even if I had wanted to. It was too much like a scene out of J. J. Stoll.

The little door opened again and the Zouave reappeared. "*Tiens,*" he said, with a grin that showed a row of teeth as white as the piece of white bread he held in his outstretched hand. I took it hesitantly. The bread was covered with little brown flakes that looked like caraway seeds, and it had a fresh smell that made me weak.

"Take it," said the Zouave. "*Chocolats.* Eat it." I obeyed. It was better than anything I had ever tasted. The chocolate was sweet, but not as aggressively sweet as the I. G. Farben saccharin, and the bread was mild and crisp and bore no relation to the musty thing our government called proudly "Health war bread."

"Good, eh?" the Zouave asked.

I nodded, and crammed the last bite into my mouth.

"What's your name, *petit?*" the Zouave asked.

"Richard," I said. Suddenly I realized that I would be late for school, but I didn't dare to run away. Also, I didn't want to seem ungrateful.

"My name is Ahmed," he said, and smiled his enormous smile. "Come back tomorrow."

I nodded and ran off. I was twenty minutes late for school, and the geography teacher, Dr. Noll, made a long bad mark in the black book that was reserved for such things. Ordinarily I would have been terribly upset by the bad mark. This time I didn't care. I could still taste the chocolate and the white bread. It was unbelievable that food could be so good. It was worth all the bad marks of all the teachers in the world. Throughout the day I felt elated and somewhat superior toward my classmates. They noticed it and asked me whether anything special had happened. I said no, but Bernie, my best friend, who shared my enthusiasm for romantic adventures, whispered, "Tell me, Rick. You look so queer. Something must have happened."

"Nothing happened," I answered, but I knew he didn't believe me, and I probably didn't want him to believe me. It was too wonderful to have a real secret and to know that the others knew I had one.

THE next morning, and every morning for several weeks, I met Ahmed in the Oberlindau, and he always had a piece of bread for me. I didn't say anything at home. Mother would have disapproved of my accepting food from a French soldier. My sister would have wanted to come along. I had to be very clever not to let them guess that a great change had taken place in my life. I stopped protesting against carrying sandwiches to school and against the bluish coffee. I knew my real breakfast was waiting for me in the Oberlindau.

Ahmed and I became good friends. He called me "*petit*" or "*mon garçon*" and insisted that I use the familiar "*tu.*" He told me about Algiers, about France, about the war, about the French Army, and about how he longed to go back to Paris. It all sounded very interesting. I couldn't understand why our history teacher, Professor Lattau, used every one of the three weekly history lessons to rant against the "degenerate" French and in particular against the Zouaves, whom he called the *Schwarze Schmach,* the Black Disgrace. He hinted mysteriously that they did unspeakable things to women and children, and one day he wound up with a particularly long tirade on the subject that went all the way back to Louis XIV and the "Rape of Strasbourg."

During recess that day, I found Bernie and told him indignantly that Louis XIV was a very romantic and exciting king. "Also," I said, "what Lattau says about the Zouaves is nonsense. I know it is." Bernie wanted to know how I knew this, but I refused to tell him. I held out for a week, and then I simply had to enjoy my triumph. I told him about Ahmed, the white bread, and the chocolate. To my surprise, he was horrified. "Don't ever eat that bread!" he cried. "You don't know what's in it. It may be poisoned."

"Why should Ahmed want to poison me?" I asked.

"The Zouaves are our enemies," Bernie said, echoing Professor Lattau. "He only wants you to feel safe. Then someday he'll give you poisoned bread with poisoned chocolate."

I was so furious at Bernie that I kicked him. He kicked back, and that was the end of our friendship.

The next morning, Ahmed noticed that I stared critically at the chocolate

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and hesitated to bite into the white bread. He asked me whether I wanted some butter or eggs and whether I wanted to go to the movies with him and his friends. I shook my head, feeling terribly ashamed of my suspicions. In order to make up for them, I ate half of the bread and talked much longer to him than usual and succeeded in making him laugh. As I turned away, he waved goodbye to me, his brown face all crinkling and shining. I put the rest of the bread into my pocket. Bernie must eat it and see how wrong he had been.

When I arrived at school and opened the door of my room, there was an icy silence. My classmates stared at me. Professor Lattau left the platform and came slowly toward me.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "You are thirty-three minutes late."

"I forgot something at home and had to go back," I said.

Professor Lattau stood in front of me. I could smell the stale tobacco on his breath. "What did you forget at home?"

"I forgot my geography book," I answered.

"He got bread from a Negro!" my classmates yelled. "He gets white bread from a French soldier every day. And chocolate, too."

Professor Lattau grabbed my arm so hard that it hurt and ordered two of my classmates to search me. In my pocket they found the white bread which I had meant for Bernie.

"You infamous liar!" the Professor yelled, shaking me. "You sold yourself to the *Erbfeind* for a piece of bread!" He slapped my face right and left. "I'll see to it that you are thrown out of this school. You have betrayed your country, you impertinent *Ehrvergessener!*" He grabbed the piece of bread and threw it out of the window. There was a sudden silence. I don't know whether I began to cry or was brave. I only remember that the bread fell on the roof of the shed for our bicycles, and that after a short while the sparrows came and ate it avidly. —RICHARD PLANT

•

269 Webb, Judge. The Mystery of William Shakespeare. A Summary of Evidence. Lond., 1902. $3.50

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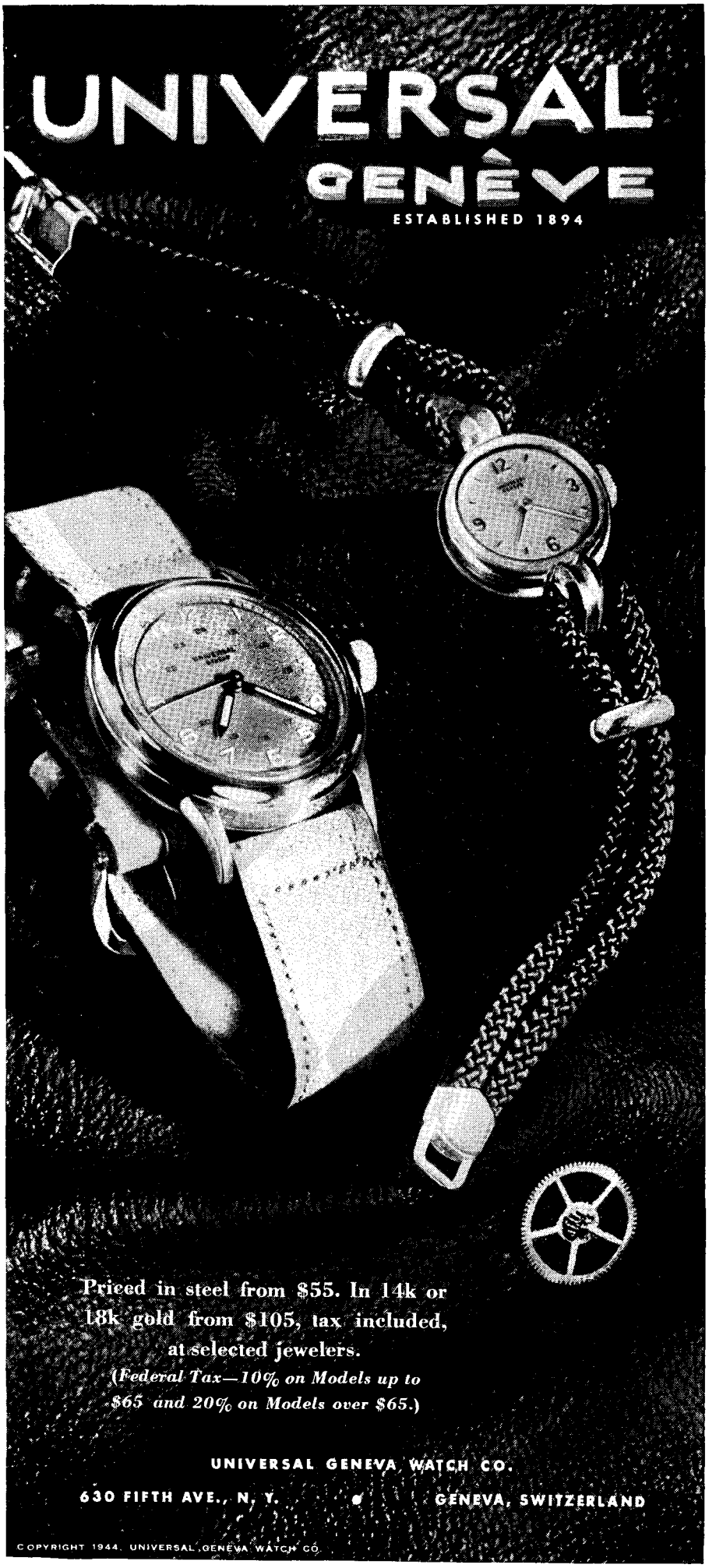
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE unexpected return of wrought-iron outdoor furniture may come as quite a surprise to those householders who, believing that iron was out for the duration, have made a little investment in wooden stuff. Nevertheless, the fact is that Abercrombie & Fitch are able once more to show you handsome, hand-wrought iron tables, chairs, settees, and sundries for your garden and terrace. The *pièce de résistance*, or something, is a set of glass-topped table and six cushion-seat chairs in a graceful and delicate ivy-vine pattern. The finish is that mottled Pompeian green which looks like verdigris, and the seat-cushion covers are either a flowered cotton or a cotton-back satin with broad green and white stripes. The satin is perfectly beautiful, but too fragile for anything but a protected terrace. The same ivy-vine pattern is used in coffee and cocktail tables and in armchairs, settees, and high-backed lounge chairs, all of which are fitted with inner-spring seats and back cushions, covered to match the seats of the dining chairs, or else with a fine, smooth sailcloth in mulberry, coral, yellow, or green. A long, low, and comfortable iron wheel chaise with an adjustable back is done in a pattern that goes nicely with the ivy scrollwork of the other pieces, and it can be cushioned to match them. Branching wall sconces holding metal jardinières for one to four pots of flowers or for greenery also come in the Pompeian-finish iron, and so does a sweet-voiced garden bell hung on an iron bracket.

If you have become converted to wooden outdoor furniture, or are among those who have always preferred it to iron, A. & F. have an assortment that includes fir, redwood, and a combination of ash and willow. In redwood, there is an umbrella-table set of four stools, a round table, *and* the umbrella itself, a nice big one, of the tilting variety, in green-and-white striped canvas. In Douglas fir, another good, sturdy wood, there are long, slat-top table and backless-bench sets in the chunky style that people like for outdoor barbecues. These pieces have been treated with an oil stain which turns the wood a strange, deep mulberry color. Very attractive in a green and leafy setting.

Down on the main floor (garden furniture is on the sixth), A. & F. are showing some rather nice trays—large oblongs with natural-finish light wood framing glass-covered sepia reproductions of sketches of dogs' heads or colored Audubon prints of game birds. These pleasant country-life accessories, all ready for the country life to come after the war, are pleasantly priced at $17.50. A tray and a luggage rack to set it on are $25 and the combination makes a convenient small serving table to use in or out of the house.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, another great believer in trays, has filled its Gift Shop with things old and new, large and small, and most of them, furthermore, of metal. Many of the metal ones are decorated with flower-bouquet paintings, the work of a man who reproduces the designs found on old tôle and papier-mâché trays. He uses trays in the large, oval tea size, with pie-crust or Chippendale borders; medium-size long and narrow oblongs which should be perfect for party cocktails; and small, rather deep, round ones. Some of the trays have folding wrought-iron stands which are topped with rubber suction cups to keep a tray from skidding. The cocktail oblongs are $17; the small round ones, painted in pastel, ivory, or black and done up with flowers, fruits, or even classic Grecian figures, are $7.50. There are also metal scuttle-shaped wastepaper or kindling-wood buckets which are decorated like the trays, and more elaborate fluted buckets, with mother-of-pearl inlays, for which there are matching cigarette boxes and what are generally called silent butlers.

To provide a touch of tender sentiment appropriate to this booming season of military weddings, the Gift Shop has collected an assortment of picture frames, trinket and love-letter boxes, and bridal Bibles and prayer books, all covered in white and pastel satins, moirés, or brocades and all with edgings, embroideries, and inscriptions worked out in pearls. An easel frame in

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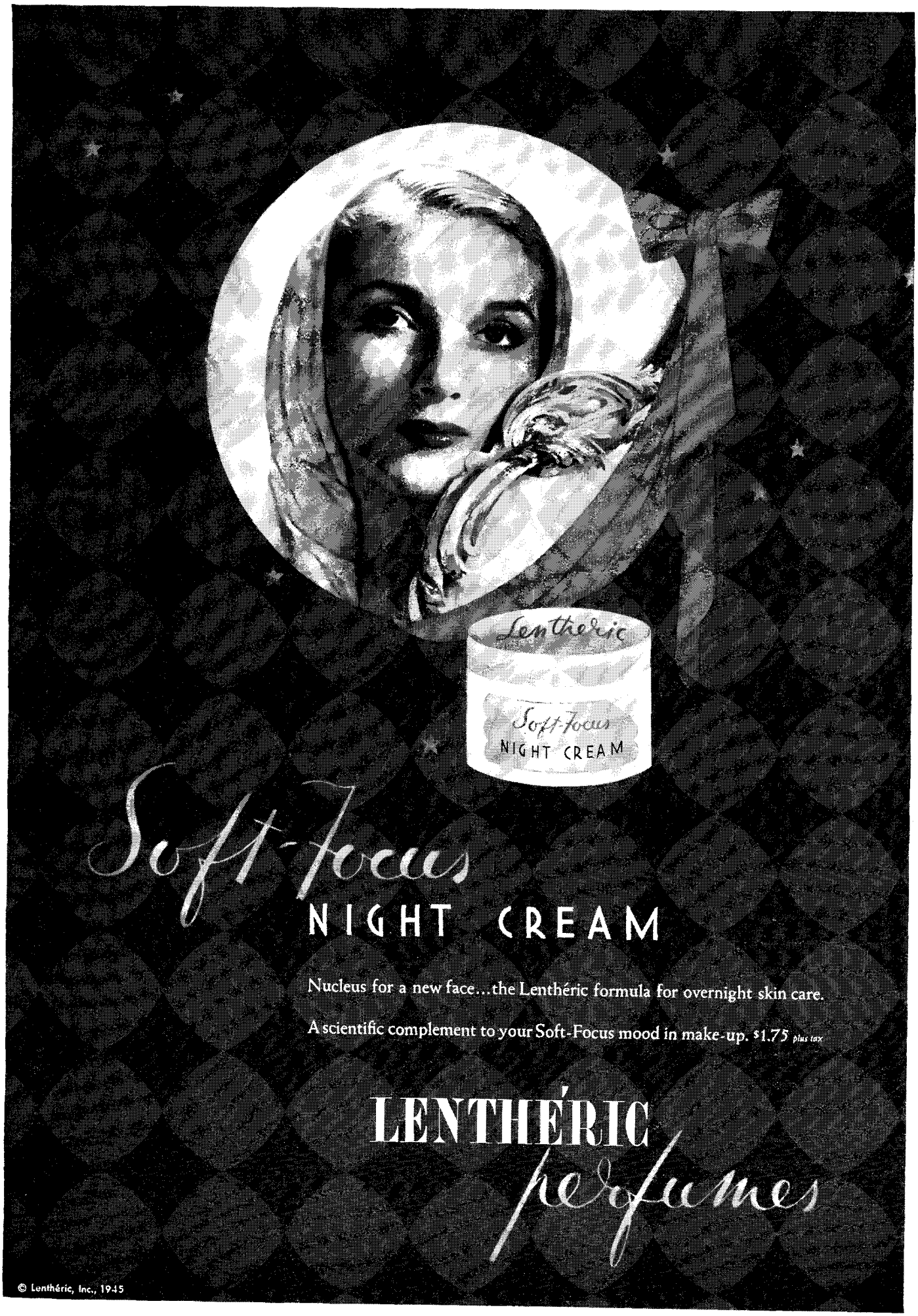

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pearl-trimmed moiré or satin, for instance, may have a simple bowknot done in pearl beads in one corner. A box for letters may be marked "V-mail" in pearls. If she wishes, a bride can even have a prayer book covered in her wedding-gown satin, bordered with pearls and embroidered with a pearl-bead cross.

BRIDAL loot in leather is present in abundance and variety at Mark Cross. The store is proud of its fitted workboxes in the shape of those familiar leather-lidded wicker baskets that used to come from England. They are leather-covered, in red, green, tan, or deep-blue écrasé; $20, or, with more elaborate fittings, $27.50. A loose-leaf scrapbook, which should be welcome in any newly established household, stationary or roving, has covers of the celebrated Cross dappled pig, saddle-stitched, or of hide in tan or brown. It's $15 in hide, $18.50 in pig. Guest books, birthday-reminder books, desk work-organizers, and the like are here in these same leathers, and there's a memory book in which an especially sentimental bride can list her wedding guests and gifts; $9.50 in blue écrasé or white tooled calf, including a monogram. (If a wedding isn't an occasion for a little sentimental foolishness, what is?) Indexed telephone-book covers, picture frames, writing portfolios, jewel boxes, and cigarette boxes (a handmade one in nailhead-studded upholstery leather with natural walnut insides, at $17.50, is certainly one to look for) are among the other items Cross has worked up in leather to take care of wedding-present problems.

GARDEN ADDENDUM: That Upland cress I mentioned a couple of weeks ago turns out to be even better than I thought. How did I know that, with the first warm days, the roots of last year's plants would start sending up tender, succulent green shoots? The seed catalogues don't say that this cress is a perennial, and perhaps it isn't, but it seems to be acting like one in my garden. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

The Grandeur of Science

OLD-FASHIONED cooks who, after experimenting with some of the overwhelming improvements thought up by the food industry—garlic with its smell removed, for example, and ham made tender and tasteless in a single, bewildering flash of magic—will doubtless look with little favor upon the increasing number of things that come out of packages, purportedly to take the place of the now hopelessly outdated bounties of nature. However, even conservatives who have decided just to wait around until more cows and hens get back into circulation rather than experiment with ersatz cream and eggs will find it hard to be wholly unimpressed by a small miracle that has turned the most unlikely vegetable ingredients into a more than passable imitation of whipping cream. If you own a Jersey cow, or have a generous friend who owns a Jersey cow, you may not be interested, but to those of us who have no higher standards than our memories of prewar New York cream, the new stuff, called Devonshire Topping, is going to make menu planning considerably less onerous. It comes in half-pint containers, is as thick as the heaviest Jersey cream, and has the smell and taste of the genuine article. It can be whipped either stiff enough to be pressed through a pastry bag or to that more appetizing semi-stiff consistency that does so much for a soufflé or a custard. Sweetened and flavored with vanilla or Cointreau, or whatever, it seems to have all the qualities of whipped cream, even the rich, buttery taste. Besides serving it with a soufflé, I have experimented with folding it into a strawberry mousse, with exceedingly happy results. It can undoubtedly be bought all over town by this time. Myself, I found it at Altman's grocery department.

ALTMAN has (or should have at any minute now) still another new item—not a miracle, but something that is likely to become a very popular member of society. It is a ready-made pie paste, of exactly the right thickness, with bottom and top crusts cut to fit a nine-inch pie plate and all folded up and sealed in a cellophane container. It must, of course, be kept refrigerated. There is no rolling out to be done; in fact, using this stuff is as simple as can be. As for the quality (I am assuming that there are still people who want to know how a thing tastes, no matter what labor-saving tricks it can do), the new paste is surprisingly satisfactory. It bakes crisp and tender and has a good flavor, and the crust is probably better than the average cook can turn out. I used the paste in a meat pie and also in a very elegant orange-chiffon concoction, complete with whipped cream, and both pastries were warmly received. There, I guess, goes one more prop

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from under the already wobbly school that believes in taking pains.

TO get back to nature and away from laboratories and test tubes, there is a little place at 1032 First Avenue (57th), called the Four Hundred Cake Shop, which, to judge by the taste of its wares, still holds out for real eggs, butter, sugar, and such. The specialties of the house are a superior lemon-meringue pie and something called Victory fruit cake. This isn't actually a fruit cake at all but an extremely good loaf generously strewn with nuts, raisins, and crystallized fruit. There is also a first-rate Boston cream pie, which is made just that much better when you top it with the new synthetic whipped cream, and there are tiny cream puffs, filled with a delicately liqueur-flavored something, that are unusual and awfully good. The shop also makes rather elaborate ices—vanilla mousse and raspberry sherbet packed into a chocolate cake in the form of a log—as well as frozen charlotte russes, ice-cream-filled chocolate éclairs, and so on. The quality of the ices isn't quite up to that of the pastries, but they are pleasant enough. There is, of course, no dry ice now to pack the frozen things in, so you'd better not subject them to a long haul.

IT is not often in these eat-as-eat-can days that an item finds its way into this department that can not only be recommended but spoken of with reverence. That, however, is how I think Nauvoo blue cheese, a beautiful thing made in Illinois, should be spoken of and eaten. It is a rich, creamy cheese somewhere between Gorgonzola and a Danish blue, and it seems to me as fine as any cheese of this type I ever ate anywhere. Which is my extravagant statement for 1945. The trouble is that there is very little of it around. I have bought it at Hughes Brothers, 766 Madison Avenue (66th), at Vendôme, 415 Madison (48th), and at Mansbach's Market, 1372 Sixth Avenue (56th), but it's not always on hand even in these places. —S. H.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Civilian Front, a C.D.V.O. publication.*]

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Clarence Brown, Jr., of this city knows just how a baseball fan feels when he is really burned up. Watching a sandlot game last summer, Clarence was struck by a line drive, and promptly burst into flames.

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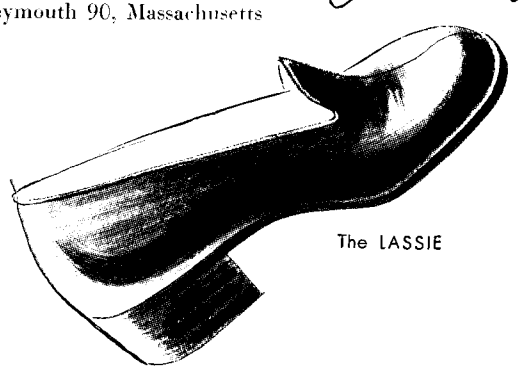

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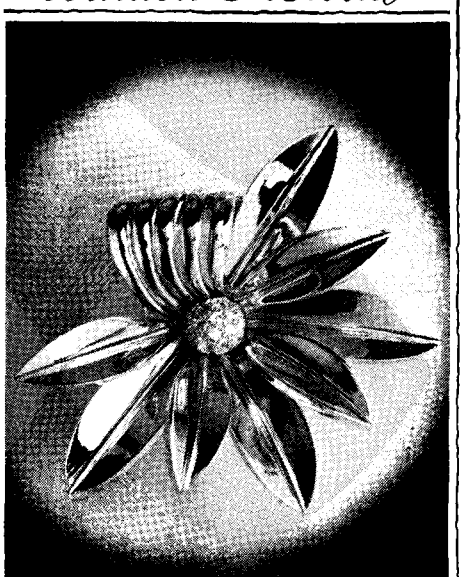

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Still More Novelties

MANY film scores have been worked up into orchestral concert suites, but Serge Prokofieff's music for the Russian picture "Alexander Nevsky" probably is the first cinema composition to be developed into a full-size cantata for singers and orchestra. In its cantata form, "Alexander Nevsky" had radio hearings in 1943 and 1944. Last week it received its first auditorium performance hereabouts when it was done in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra, a chorus from the Westminster Choir College, Rosalind Nadell as soloist, and Eugene Ormandy as conductor.

Prokofieff's setting of the story, which relates the conquest of the Knights of the Teutonic Order by Alexander Nevsky in 1242, proved to be one of the most important presentations of the season. Though the music isn't simple, it is direct and concise. It sounded like something that was a joy to play and sing, and it certainly was a joy to hear. It is the kind of music that appeals immediately to the lay listener and yet has plenty to offer the professionals. Mr. Ormandy directed a performance that was as noteworthy in its way as the composition. The orchestra and the chorus turned in crisp and stirring sound, and Miss Nadell, an exceptional young artist, sang the moving chant of the "Field of the Dead" expressively and effortlessly. The cantata was sung in an English translation that wasn't uniformly smooth but that succeeded in making the highlights of the text understandable and emphatic.

THE Ballet Theatre has returned to the Metropolitan Opera House for a spring season that will continue through April 29th, and for it the company has been augmented by a variety of guest dancers and a guest conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, to supplement Antal Dorati. Sir Thomas was present last week to direct the assortment of Delius music that makes up the score for Antony Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet," and he drew a euphonious performance from the orchestra. "Romeo and Juliet," the first showing of which, a few years ago, was in the nature of a public rehearsal, has become a polished and convincing demonstration of the art of narration by dancing. It would be more incisive if it could be shortened by five minutes or so, but it's uncommon ballet and uncommon theatre as it stands.

The Ballet Theatre offered as its first novelty a pastorale called "Harvest Time," which was devised by Bronislava Nijinska to a medley of music by Henri Wieniawski, well arranged by Mr. Dorati. Choreographically, "Harvest Time" is mostly straight dancing. Some of it looked rather difficult, and it provided excellent opportunities for Tamara Toumanova and John Kriza, both of whom were expert in their rôles. The basic Wieniawski music is of utility grade, being what might be termed serviceable rather than memorable.

THE New York Little Symphony, whose membership includes musicians from the Philharmonic-Symphony and the N. B. C. Symphony, has been giving concerts in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Joseph Baroné, the founder and conductor of the orchestra, is an enterprising and able director who draws good music from a proficient group of instrumentalists. At the Little Symphony's most recent meeting, he offered Schubert's fifth symphony, which is a favorite of all small orchestras and a perennial charmer, along with an interesting suite by the seventeenth-century composer Erlebach; an accomplished young cellist, Avron Twerdowsky, as soloist in a Boccherini concerto; and Virgil Thomson's "Sonata da Chiesa," which was composed in 1926. This sonata, written for five instruments, is curious and original music that spots a tango between a chorale and a fugue. It takes a bit of concentration to follow this music, and perhaps to play it. Mr. Thomson, who appeared as guest conductor, led the quintet efficiently, to the approbation of both players and audience.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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Doctor and Mrs. Lloyd B. Whitham will leave March 19 for Smith College to visit their daughter, Miss Margaret Ridgely Whitham, who, owing to the wartime travel ban, will not be permitted by the college to come home on her vacation. Miss Ann L. R. Barton will also go to Smith College during the spring holiday to visit Miss Whitham.—*Baltimore Sun.*

We'll win this homefront war if it kills us.

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

FACSIMILE THEREOF

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10

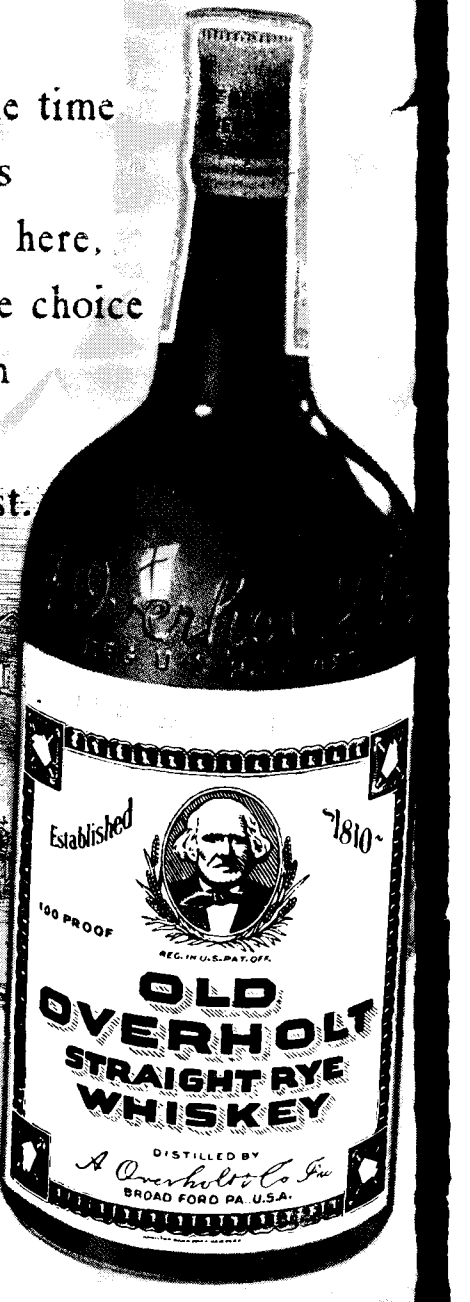
NEW YORKERS who come out here for the first time to attend the United Nations Conference are apt to make the discovery (made before) that San Francisco and New York are alike. There are, however, some differences. A stranger crossing streets is likely to notice a loud humming noise underfoot, and nervous visitors have been known to think that another earthquake (or fire) was on its way. Eventually the newcomer finds out that the sound is made by cables running under the cable-car tracks. The cable cars, made necessary by hills that are steeper than Manhattan's steepest one (Duffy's Hill, on Lexington between 102nd and 103rd), are operated by what are called gripmen. They stand between two rows of seats for passengers, on the front platform, and manipulate two great levers, one of which controls a grip that grabs and lets go of the subterranean tow line and the other of which acts as a brake. The cars have signs which say "Do Not Talk to the Gripman," a warning that is superfluous; as the gripman manipulates his giant iron bars, his eyes straight ahead, he seems constantly to be looking into the face of Destiny, and no mortal would dare to speak to him.

Washington Square, as you might expect, is near the city's Italian section. Elderly Torinesi and Calabresi sit on benches, chatting and smoking De Nobili cigars. However, the square is decorated not by an arch or a fountain but by a four-faced granite shaft. According to the copious and sparkling gilt inscription on the shaft, it was erected in 1879 by an H. D. Cogswell as a combination nineteenth-century Time Capsule, community spa, and ledger for his thoughts upon immortality. One face of the obelisk bears a notice that the interior contains mementos to be taken out and examined in 1979, a year that no longer looks so absurdly distant. On two other sides are spouts, now plugged, which once dispensed—apparently free—Vichy, California Seltzer, and Congress Water. On the fourth face is Cogswell's dedication: "To Our Boys and Girls Who Will Soon Take Our Places and Pass On." It's easy to guess how many tots of the post-Civil War era tried the Vichy or Congress Water after reading over Cogswell's message.

There are more women taxi drivers

A good name
Is a product's most valued virtue.
And, in the case of Old Overholt,
Its Good Taste
That Always Stands Out
Has given it a Good Name
That has flourished
Through 135 years.
Thus today, as in the time
Of friendly old inns
Like the one shown here,
Old Overholt is the choice
Of those who relish
Good rye
At its right royal best.

As far back as 1750, the Three Crowns Inn was famous for the excellence of its table and bar.



This Whiskey is 5 Years Old

ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

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Before you commit suicide

IT WAS a Frenchman who said: "Before you decide to commit suicide, go out and buy yourself the finest dinner in the land. Remember, it will be your last!"

(Of course, it never is!)

If you are like most Frenchmen, you would conclude that dinner the fitting way. With Camembert—*golden, mellow* Military Brand Camembert!

For Military Brand Camembert is the cheese of cheeses . . . the choice of gourmets. Who can resist its subtle appeal, its tempting aroma? Sink your knife—tenderly—into that rich and golden crust.

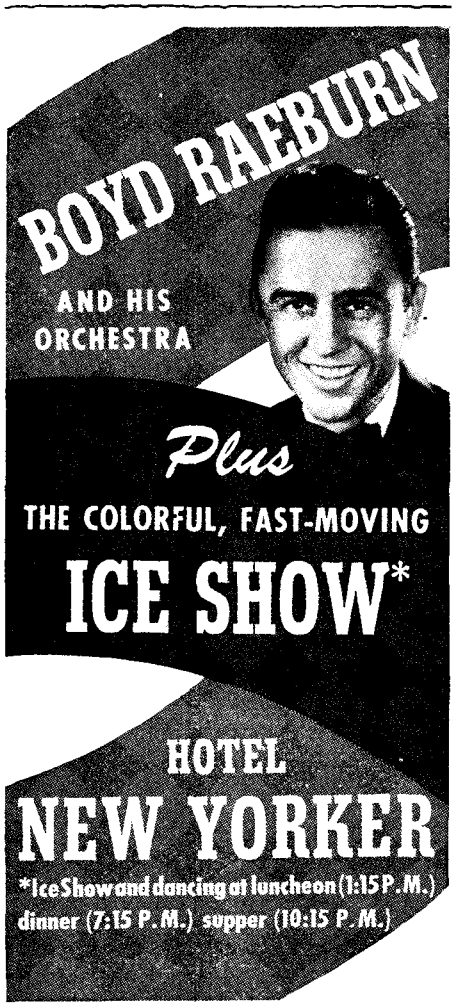
Here is treasure fit for the tables of the gods! Cut yourself a wedge, balance it deftly on your knife. Sniff slowly . . . deeply! Observe the creamy heart of Camembert—how mild . . . how smooth . . . how mellow!

Spread this superb cheese on a cracker. Then savor this miracle that Time and Nature have wrought. This moment, my friend, is one of your richest on this earth.

Thank your lucky stars that it can be repeated!

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses



here than in New York. The leisure jacket, or Hollywood sport coat, with its cardigan effect and aroma of Errol Flynn, is also commoner. The local drugstores carry liquor, and after visiting the liquor counter, a customer can cross the aisle and buy a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer. The buildings at Broadway and Battery, which are merely streets and nothing more, don't have much of a view of the harbor. Grocery stores have signs in their windows advertising real Hawaiian *poi*. In the backyards can be found a hundred and nine varieties of eucalyptus tree. Prospective brides are given what are called "doe parties." In Chinatown, the youths wear tight blue cowboy jeans. Some of the parks have no "Keep off the Grass" signs, and no one keeps off the grass. The Mayor rarely speaks on the radio and never goes to fires. Everyone agrees that the curfew is at midnight.

Except for these discrepancies, the two cities are identical.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

ROME, Jan. 6—In a general order issued by the Rome Allied Area Command, dated Jan. 4, 1945, the following locations, buildings and areas in the Rome area have been placed "off limits" and "out of bounds" to Allied military personnel:

1. All houses of prostitution.
2. All public baths.
3. All restaurants and eating houses except: a. Clubs, restaurants, etc., organized and controlled by the Allied Forces. b. Cafes, etc., where no foodstuffs are sold.
4. The establishment operated under the name "R. Sciambro," located at Via Carlo Alberto 4.
5. The distillery located at Via Alfredo Rocco 158.
6. The royal estate of Castel Porziano, located approximately 15 miles south of Rome.
7. All wine shops and bars in Anzio and Nettuno with the exception of Turcotti Marvin Drive, in Anzio, and Viletta 37 Knapp Road, in Nettuno.

The first three restrictions listed do not apply to war correspondents.—*The Stars & Stripes, Mediterranean Edition.*

Who are fellows of infinite zest.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "A Conqueror of Space," a biography of Dr. Lee deForest, by Georgette Carneal*]

. . . the inventor of the audion, listening over his breakfast coffee to the clear, concise words of the Premier of England, felt that his contribution to radio had indeed been used for the purpose for which he intended it. —*Page 294.*

He uses neither cigarettes nor coffee. —*Page 295.*

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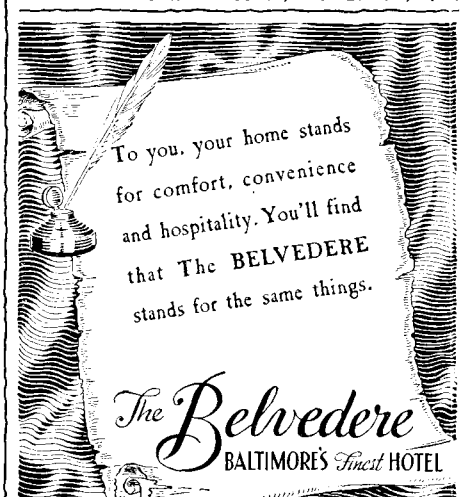
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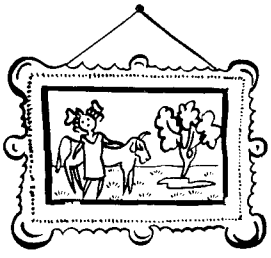
THE ART GALLERIES

Rouault and Kuniyoshi

GEORGES ROUAULT, now the subject of a searching and on the whole successful retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, is unquestionably one of the major influences on contemporary painting—a fact, I sometimes think, which must often be a source of considerable surprise to him, for if anyone would seem to have steered his career as far from the main currents of modern life as possible, it is Rouault. A small, quiet, sedentary man, now in his middle seventies (he was born in Paris in 1871, in a cellar, according to tradition, in the midst of a bombardment of the city by the anti-Communards), he has been a medievalist most of his life and never a member of artistic coteries. He got his first contact with art when he was an apprentice in a stained-glass factory, and his principal art training in the studio of Gustave Moreau, a second-rate academic painter of the nineteenth century.

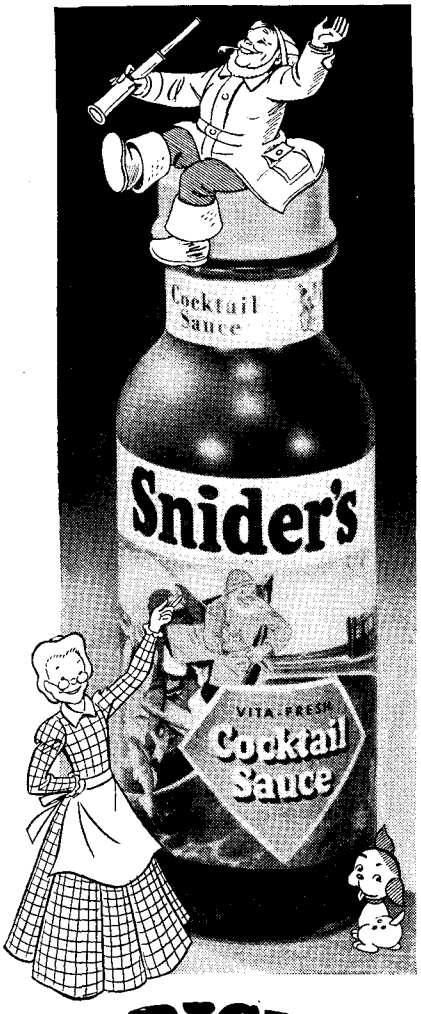


Rouault's first admirations (and his latest as well, for he is a man of intense and tenacious loyalties) were Daumier and Rembrandt, both now little studied by contemporary artists, and the most important single influence in the shaping of his career came from a source so unexpected that it seems fantastic. This, according to his account, was a reading of the novels of Léon Bloy, a devoutly Catholic Gothic novelist of the turn of the century, and later a friendship with Bloy himself. The combined effect was apparently so powerful that it led him on the one hand to throw over his conventional technique in favor of a style that was violently Expressionistic, and at the same time released a rather messianic fervor, long bottled up by the restrictions of Academicism, which was to result (see "The Red-Haired Woman," "Two Prostitutes," and the 1909 "Nude") in a series of some of the most savagely, almost vindictively moralistic paintings that have been done since painting began. I say "apparently" because this most important period in Rouault's life has been too little studied, and one weakness of the show is that it does not add much to our knowledge of it.

Rouault, certainly, is a complex person. He is one of those people who, stubborn at the core, are malleable on the surface, and, particularly in his youth, he seems to have been responsive to influence. His very sense of loyalty made it difficult for him to throw over an influence once established. He had been sick, too, just before the Bloy episode, and so was ripe for "conversion." Even this, though, it seems to me, is far from explaining the radical change that took place then in his style, and I think that in the end we shall have to turn to the psychological factors in his work to explain the mystery—his odd attitude of mixed repugnance toward and fascination by prostitutes, for example, and the sardonic symbolism in which clowns are so frequently portrayed in the moods and postures of the Christ legend (see "Three Clowns," which is so like a "Descent from the Cross" in grouping, and "Clownerie").

All one gets, in the exhibition, is a before-and-after view of Rouault's famous conversion. There are a couple of early Academic canvases, like "The Quarry" and "The Ordeal of Samson," both done in the eighteen-nineties. Then, abruptly, the scene shifts to 1904 and 1905, and to such pieces as "Head of Young Girl" and "Babel," in which his style of harsh outlines and furious evangelicism is already on its way to complete maturity. Thenceforward, however, there are very few gaps in the show, and the long process by which Rouault achieved, if not mellowness and true serenity, at least something very close to it, is admirably depicted. That process, as one studies it in the exhibition, seems mainly to have been a reaching backward, a reabsorption and integration of earlier influences. First came the influence of Rembrandt, adding richness and depth to such paintings as the excellent portrait called "Mr. X;" then Daumier, who unquestionably contributed to that series of paintings of judges and courtroom scenes that reached its climax in the truly awesome "Three Judges." Finally, around 1915, came the "stained glass" influence, which gave a hierarchical rigidity and luminosity to his work that was to be its chief characteristic thereafter and that resulted in such real masterpieces as "Dwarf," "The Old King," "Woman's Head," and "The Wounded Clown."

The reasons for Rouault's power over younger painters are harder to estab-



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Avoid Waste. Aqua Velva is cooling and invigorating. Just a dash leaves the face feeling softer and smoother. Clean, fresh scent. Use Aqua Velva carefully and you'll be able to enjoy it more regularly.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE
JOHN ERSKINE
WILFRED PELLETIER
ALBERT SPALDING
GEORGE BIDDLE
Maj. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

lish. I think that his affinity with Expressionism is an important factor, for Expressionism, with its emphasis on violence and intense personal statement, represents the artist's revolt against the regimentation of our day. There are, too, certain aspects of Rouault's character that should be noted—his restlessness, for example, and his sincerity, and the fierce discontent underlying his surface religiosity. It is typical of his troubled searching for full expression that in midcareer he gave up painting entirely for some eight years in favor of black-and-whites, and, both before and after, he has experimented with almost every combination of oil, pastel, gouache, and water color. It is probably impossible for one to understand fully the historical importance of a contemporary, but I think that in Rouault's case these are clues.

AT the Downtown Gallery there is an exhibition of new paintings and drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi—his first show of exclusively new stuff in five years. Kuniyoshi is a curiously oblique, subtle painter, dealing always in suggestion instead of direct statement, in minor, transitory moods instead of major, dramatic ones, and there have been times when those strange odds-and-ends still lifes and brooding damsels of his seemed to come too close to complete meaninglessness for comfort. The still lifes and the moody maidens are all there in this collection, but either he has grown more explicit or I have grown more perceptive, for now there is a weird, eerie evocativeness about them that skirts the very edge of Surrealism while still preserving its own special character, and that, I think, must have been Kuniyoshi's intention all along. I liked especially "Room 110" and "Headless Horse Who Wants to Jump"—both conglomerations of quite unrelated but somehow meaningful objects—as well as "Dawn Is Coming," "She's Going," and "I Like It Here," all portraying those long-lashed, poised, pensive, odalisque-like girls, leaning over balconies or out of windows, which he does so beautifully.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Yale Alumni Fund News*]

DE PINNA
Announces

interesting new additions to its current collections of fine wearables for a gentleman's immediate usage as well as correct slants on Spring attire for Yale men.

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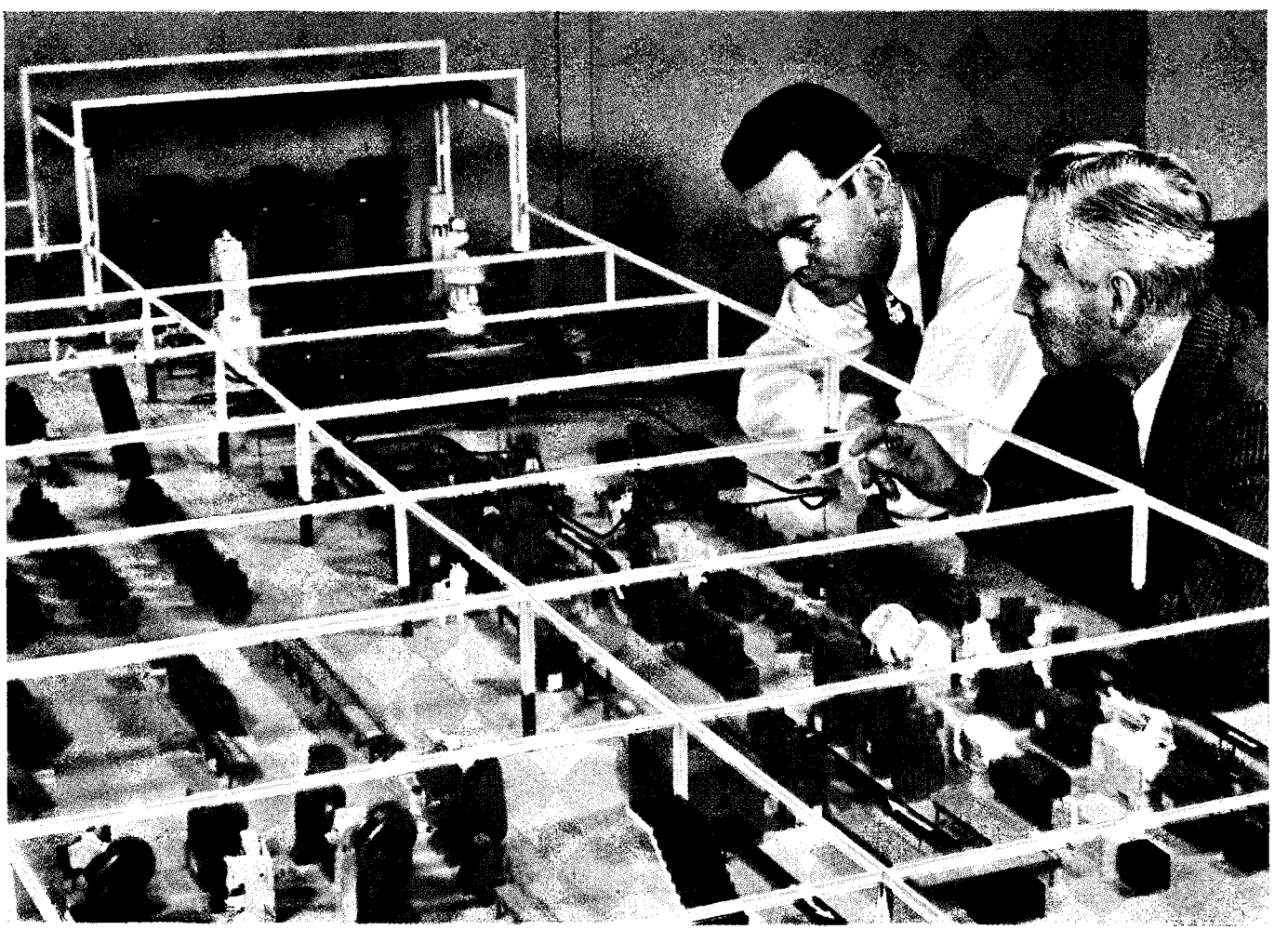
IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



Planning the arrangement of a war-work factory at Chrysler — with exact scale model machines

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It took *imagination* to think of using toy-size model machines in this practical way — the same imagination that stimulates this entire organization, and that adds special value and performance to all its products.

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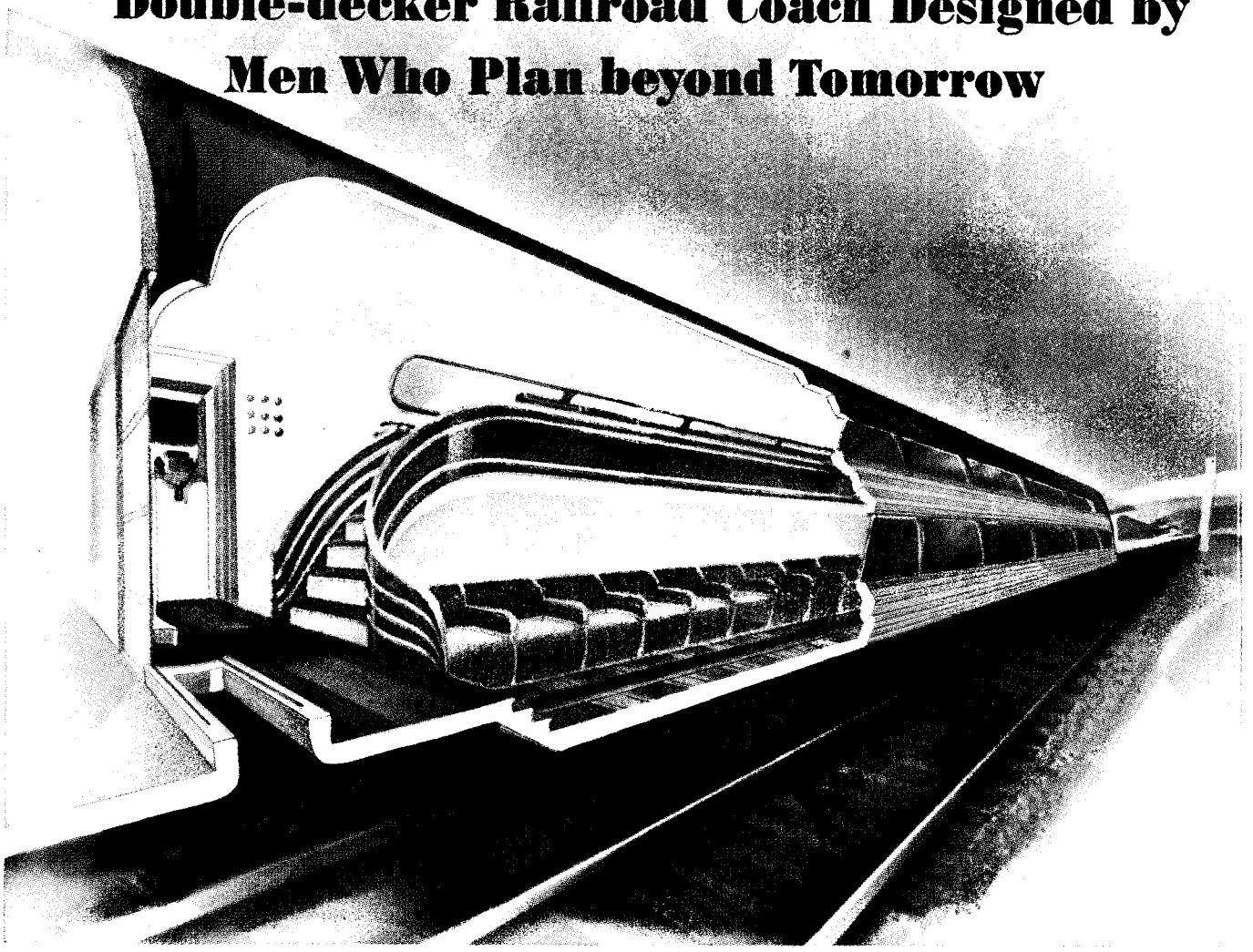
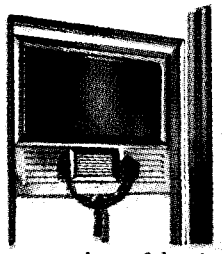


Cross-view from end of car shows double-deck construction.



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Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

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BOOKS

Bemelmans and the Weeping Radish

LUDWIG BEMELMANS is what the French call "a sentimental." He is also hard and intelligent. The blend, when it comes off, is like the sauce Chinese-restaurant menu writers call "sweet, sour, and pungent." Now and then, however, the sweet and sour and pungent fail to fuse, and the sauce is *manquée*. Ever since Bemelmans came to this country, shortly before the Other War, to become a busboy, a waiter and a waiter captain in hotels, a lieutenant in the Army of the United States, a newspaper cartoonist, the manager (and decorator) of a fashionable restaurant, the most ingratiating of illustrators, and a writer whose books are to be remembered like little gems of dinners, he has enjoyed sadly or suffered enjoyably a nostalgia for Bavaria. Bavaria is "where the good word *Gemütlichkeit* was invented. It was a democracy, solvent, content, and happy." The quotation is from Bemelmans' new book, "The Blue Danube" (Viking), and the speaker is the contemporary Bishop of Regensburg, a character in it. The Bishop, like Bemelmans, is being retrospective and sad. When Bemelmans wrote "My War with the United States," his first book for adult readers (he had previously done only illustrated juveniles), he did not concern himself with the rights or wrongs of the Other War, or with the Germans as enemies. His war with the United States was fought entirely on this side of the Atlantic, in cantonments and hospitals, and his position as an American lieutenant with a thick enemy accent furnished some of the amusement of the book. The kindly until-Hitler-came feeling about that war among intellectuals in this country was that it had been an awkward mistake all around, which made orientation easy for a gifted naturalized American. In the beginning of "Life Class," his next book, Bemelmans wrote with emotion of his grandfather, a fine old Bavarian brewer, and all the little world that revolved around him. But after the advent of Hitler, Bemelmans found no pleasure in his annual holidays in Germany. He was arrested on one of them —his honeymoon, incidentally—for giving imitations of Hitler, and gained his release only because he was an American citizen. He came back to write a few mordant anti-Nazi short stories, but world politics was not his *Backhuhn*, and in the first year of this war he went off to Ecuador and returned with "The Donkey Inside," the book of his I admire the least.

Then, after a pause, he produced "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," in which he contributed the most devastating portrait of an "anti-Nazi" German in our letters—the wealthy refugee who hated to be called a refugee because he didn't want anybody to confuse him with Jews. That arid, cocksure man, uninstructed by the adversity from which he had escaped to a palace hotel, represented the realistic Bemelmans' verdict on the Reich. There was nothing *gemütlich* about that man. Whether the early Bemelmans remembered or had merely convinced himself that he remembered a Bavarian Arcadia, he knew that it had ceased to be when he wrote "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." It was a despairing book and a very funny one, containing the female whom I consider the most desirable in all literature, the South American beauty who called her protector "cheecken." There is, too, the great night-club scene in which a society girl sings "Cockles and Mussels" as often as people writing about Germany write "*gemütlich*." It must have cost Bemelmans years of travail to produce the refugee character, because it is hard for a man to come to the conclusion that his former countrymen are incurable.

In "The Blue Danube," the sentimental Bemelmans is in the ascendant again. He has written a fable of Germany in the current war, but the meaning of the fable isn't clear because the hard, intelligent Bemelmans keeps breaking in on it, like a man waking from a dream and saying, "But of course it isn't so—I know damned well it can't be." That confuses the effect.

"The Blue Danube," which is not a full-length novel but a novella, is the

"I'm getting so I'm not so frightened for Perry Mason any more."

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3. The jury consists of THOMAS CRAVEN, art critic and author of many books in the field of art; EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL, Art Editor of *The New York Times;* NORMAN KENT, Associate Editor of *American Artist;* and GEORGE MACY, Director of The Limited Editions Club.

4. A circular is now available, in which those interested will find a history of the Competition; a complete set of rules; a statement of the awards; and a list of forty-five titles of books which are suggested for illustration. If you are interested, you may obtain this circular by writing to The Limited Editions Club at 595 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

story of an island a hundred or so yards long, some years more, some less, in the Danube at Regensburg, and of four people who live on it—old Anton Fischer, his sisters Martha and Anna, who look like saints carved out of wood, and their niece Leni, who looks like one of the younger and more attractive saints, say Cecilia, out of a job. The island is submerged once a year when the river is in flood; the islanders go on a pilgrimage then; the soil emerges enriched. Bemelmans does not say whether this is an allegory; I hope it is not, because I loathe allegories. For years the island people have lived by the collection of floating objects and the cultivation of the white beer radish, which requires plenty of moisture. Every Sunday the sisters sell the radishes outside the Blue Danube beer garden in Regensburg; the patrons eat the radishes as they drink their beer. Since the family income is too small to interest even a German tax collector, and since the island, because it is regularly submerged, is as much a part of the river as of the land, Herr Oberassessor Nebenzahl, a holdover from Hohenzollern times, has long ago decided to ignore its existence. So the radish people live on as squatters. But early in this war the Gauleiter of Regensburg, Herr Stolz, the ogre of the fairy tale, conceives a great rage against the island people because they are too irresponsible and "fresh," which means that they don't go out of their way to kowtow to him. Herr Stolz is about as bad an ogre as Walt Disney *and* Erich von Stroheim could work out, and his satellite, Assessor Unruh, who supplants Herr Nebenzahl, is in some respects even worse. He is a Nazi Party versifier on the side, and he explains the process of poetic creation with scatological similes. Their conversations are particularly good Bemelmans. The squatters, aided by the Bishop of Regensburg, defy the Party ogres and make them look silly for a long while, but in the end old Anton is carried off to prison. This conflict between the sentimental Bemelmans and the rational Bemelmans is what makes the story so unsatisfactory. In a proper fairy tale, the island people would simply have made mincemeat of their opponents and lived happily ever after. But in real life the Nazi brutes would have beaten them to death and burned them down to cigar-box size immediately, as they have done to millions of other inoffensive people (more Poles and Jews than Germans, of course). Then there would not have been a story. Bemelmans knows all along that it is no contest. In the

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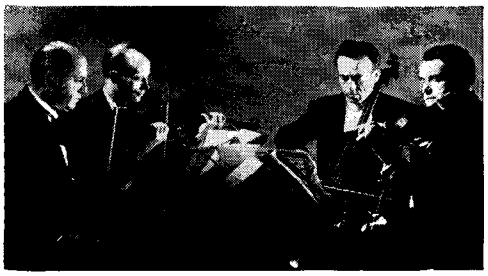

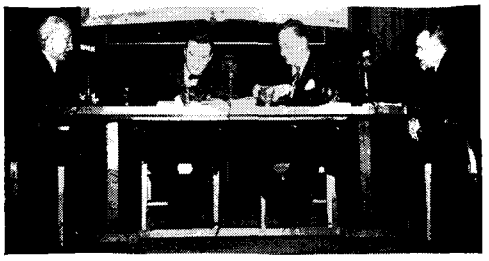

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HARPER

last paragraph, he describes the few frightened people, sympathizers of old Anton's but afraid to lift a hand for him, who remain in the beer garden after the old man's arrest: "The ill ones in the beer garden looked hungry again, and tilted their heads sideways, and afterwards they walked home in the dark. It was evident that if, in the long night in which they lived, any light would come to them, it had to come from the outside—for those within the walls who had courage and spirit were too few, too old, and much too sentimental."

The book, in detail, is frequently wonderful reading. This, for example, is how one prepares the white beer radish (Bemelmans, incidentally, didn't make this up; I once knew a Tyrolian waiter who did it exactly this way): "After the wet, scratchy leaves are cut away along with the top of the radish, it is sliced paper thin, but so that the radish remains intact, opened like a fan. It is then salted and left alone until water comes oozing out between the slices. When it has wept its last tear, then the radish is ready to be eaten." A weeping radish may seem a sentimental vegetable, but it tastes good when it has salt on it. That is true of Bemelmans' writing, too. The most unexceptionable features of the book are the fourteen colored illustrations and the magnificent title-page still life, also in color, all by the master himself. Here, at least, the nostalgic Bemelmans can let himself go, unhampered by the rational alter ego. The light and the shadows and the color of the willows by the Danube cannot have changed. And the sparrows, at least, must still be democratic.

—A. J. Liebling

VERSE

A MOMENT occurs (or should occur) when the growing artist is able to bequeath his tricks to his imitators. The mature writer rejects the treasured "originality" and the darling virtuosities of his apprenticeship in art, as well as the showy sorrows and joys of his apprenticeship life, often just in time. "How they live at home in their cozy poems and make long stays in narrow comparisons!" Rilke once said, speaking of the run of versifiers, who never change or grow. Once youth's embroidered coat is cast aside, what is left? Only imagination, ripened insight, experience, and the trained sense of language, which are usually enough.

"The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden" (Random House) is a sizable volume for a poet born in 1907 to have credited to him in 1945. Auden, it has for some time been apparent, has succeeded Eliot as the strongest influence in American and British poetry. And he has managed, in this collection, by skillful arrangement and deletion, to present himself to the reader as he exists at this moment. He does not draw attention to his growing pains or take us step by step through stage after stage of his development. He begins the book with one of those poems ("Musée des Beaux Arts") which announced, a few years ago, the beginnings of his maturity—a poem that seems as simply composed as a passage in conversation. It is not filled with Anglo-Saxon compression, or clogged with modern apparatuses and machines, or trimmed with off-rhymes. Earlier poems on his favorite subjects and in the special manner of his youth are included in the book. But they never leap out at us. The general tone is one of composure and simplicity, of that ease wherein, for a time, a young master can rest.

The collection gathers up, fortunately, poems that have so far been scattered in plays or books of prose. The fine sonnet to E. M. Forster once served as the dedication for "Journey to a War," which was written in collaboration with Christopher Isherwood. Other sonnets and a verse commentary come from the same volume. The fine "Journey to Iceland" is out of "Letters from Iceland," written in collaboration with Louis MacNeice. Some choruses from plays turn up as separate poems, now with titles. The volume also contains two prose passages—the early "Letter to a Wound" and a new "sermon" entitled "Depravity." Last autumn's "For the Time Being" is reprinted complete, and there are several new poems.

What is the particular thread that runs through this collection, the clue to Auden's importance and power? In what way is his great gift different from Eliot's, and in what way is it of importance to Auden's contemporaries? Auden shares with Eliot a sense of his time. He is, however, much more exuberant, restless, sanguine, and unself-conscious than the older poet. And he is a natural dramatist in a degree surpassing Eliot. Eliot can dramatize his lyrics but cannot project real dramatic action with force. Auden dramatizes everything he touches. He is wonderfully effective with that most dramatic of lyric forms, the ballad. At the same time, his purely lyrical endowment is so

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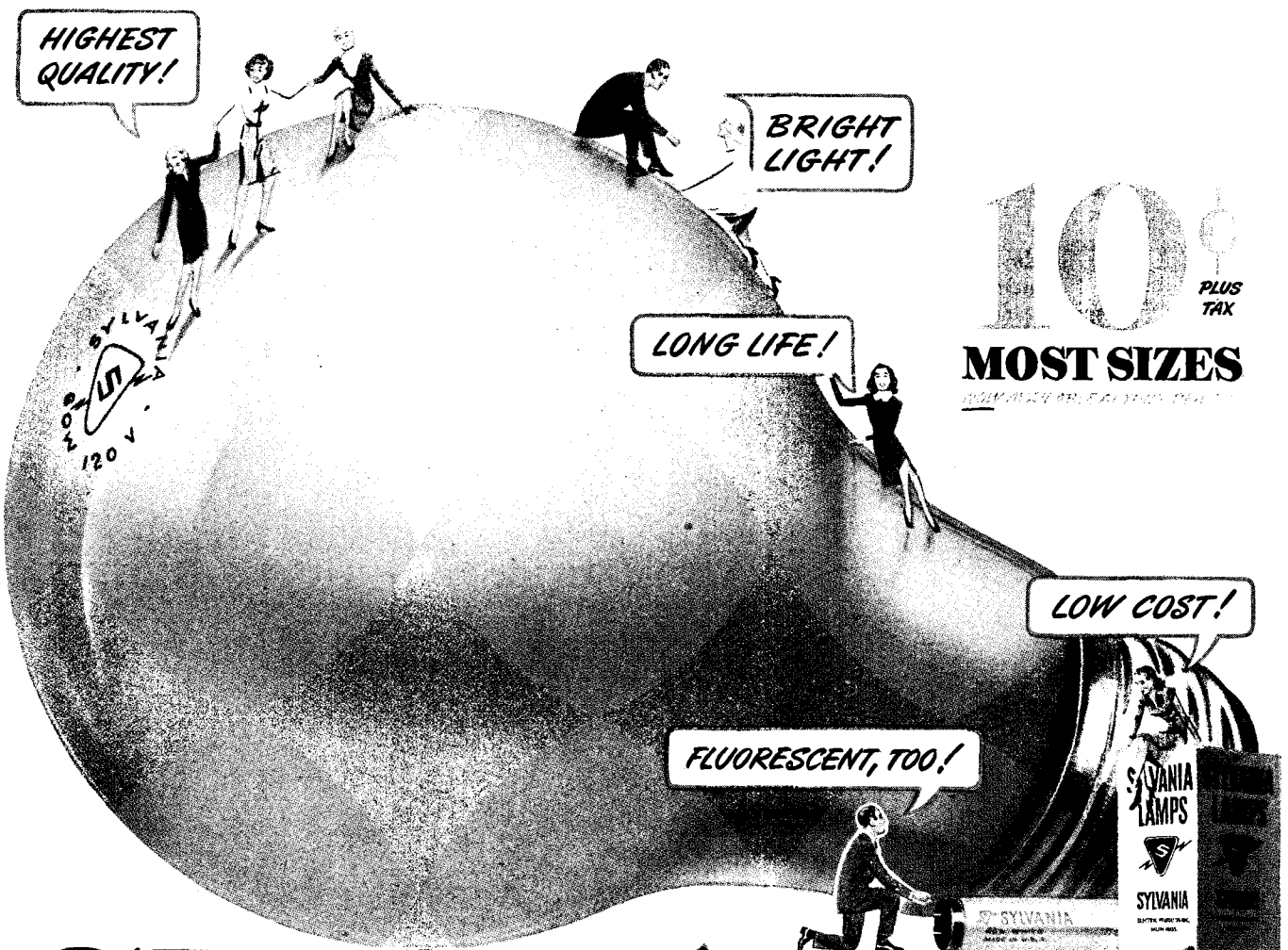

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